

MARCH 2, 1987

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TIME

UNDER
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You Bette!

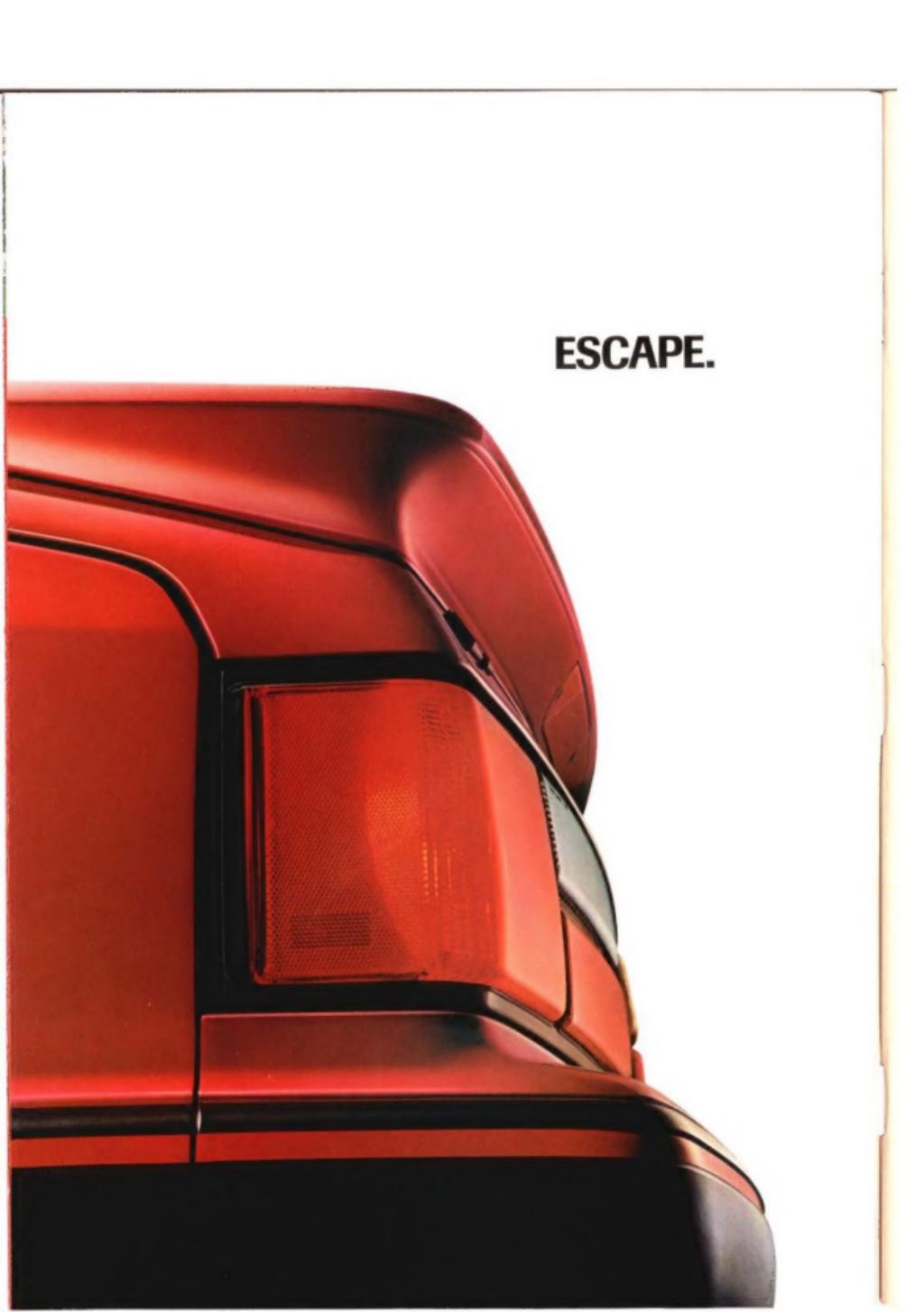
Midler Strikes Again
In Outrageous Fortune



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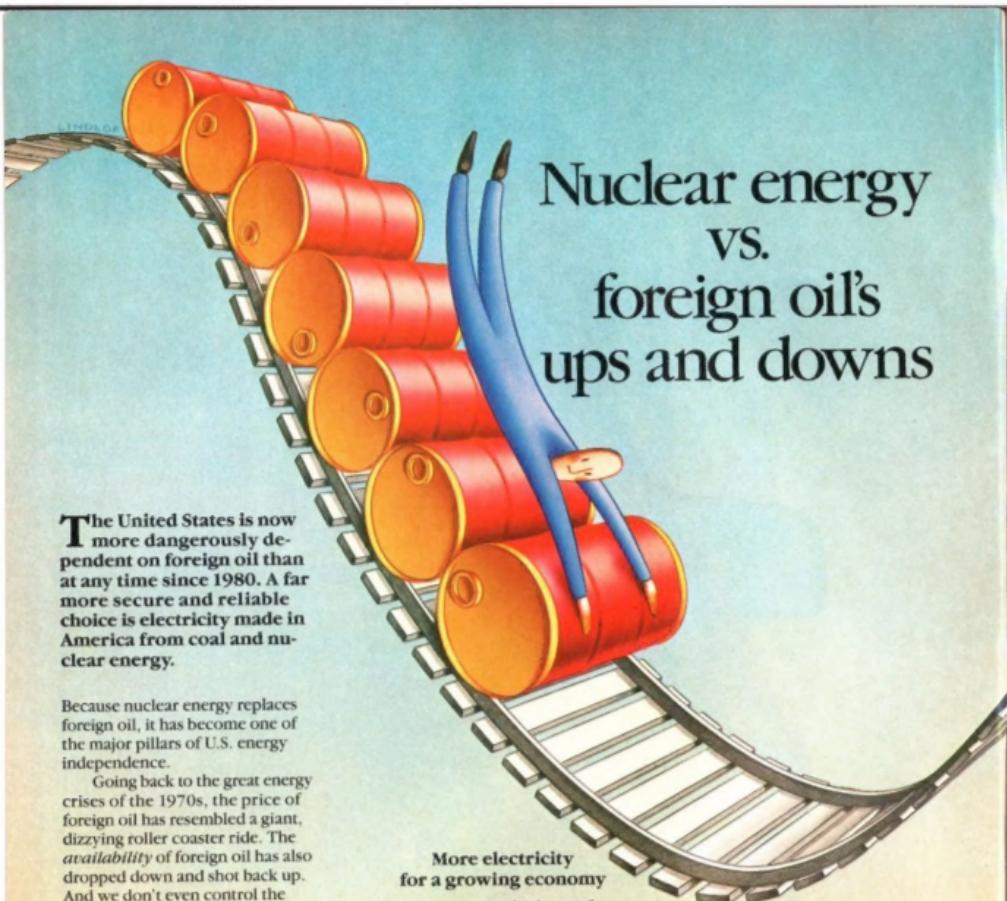
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A close-up, low-angle shot of the rear right side of a red car. The focus is on the rectangular, textured light cluster, which includes a turn signal and a stop light. The car's body is a vibrant red with a dark, possibly black, horizontal stripe running along the bottom. The background is plain white.

ESCAPE.





Nuclear energy vs. foreign oil's ups and downs

The United States is now more dangerously dependent on foreign oil than at any time since 1980. A far more secure and reliable choice is electricity made in America from coal and nuclear energy.

Because nuclear energy replaces foreign oil, it has become one of the major pillars of U.S. energy independence.

Going back to the great energy crises of the 1970s, the price of foreign oil has resembled a giant, dizzying roller coaster ride. The availability of foreign oil has also dropped down and shot back up. And we don't even control the roller coaster—others do.

Consider this ominous statistic: even though prices were low in 1986, America still had to pay about \$30 billion for foreign oil. That's a lot of dollars leaving this country, adding to an already huge trade deficit.

Nuclear energy cuts oil imports

Clearly, the more energy we use in the form of electricity from coal and nuclear energy, the less oil we have to import.

Nuclear-generated electricity has already saved America over two billion barrels of oil, with billions more to be saved before the turn of the century. That's why it's so important for our energy self-reliance.

More electricity for a growing economy

Our economy needs plenty of new electrical energy to keep on growing. Almost all of that new energy is coming from coal and nuclear electric plants.

The truth is that nuclear energy is an everyday fact of life in the U.S. It's been generating electricity here for nearly 30 years. Throughout the country are more than 100 nuclear plants, and they are our second largest source of electric power. As our economy grows, we'll need more of those plants to avoid even more dependence on foreign oil.

Safe energy for a secure future

Most important, nuclear energy is a safe, clean way to generate electric-

ity. U.S. nuclear plants have a whole series of multiple backup safety systems to prevent accidents. Plus superthick containment buildings designed to protect the public even if something goes wrong. (It's a "Safety in Depth" system.)

The simple fact is this: America's energy independence depends in part on America's nuclear energy.

For more information, write the U.S. Committee for Energy Awareness, P.O. Box 1537 (RCI), Ridgely, MD 21681. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

Information about energy
America can count on
U.S. COMMITTEE FOR ENERGY AWARENESS

COVER: Outrageous! The Diva of Camp, 64 Bette Midler, is a mainstream movie star

It is the year's unlikeliest Hollywood marriage: the Divine Miss M and Walt Disney Studios. But with three raucous hit comedies, she has put aside her cult legend to become a gilt-edged box-office draw and Disney's hottest female star since Minnie Mouse. The tempestuous singer has also found domestic bliss with a doting husband and a new daughter. See SHOW BUSINESS.



NATION: The White House holds its breath 12 for the Tower commission findings

As the probers put the finishing touches on their report, the Reagan Administration is aswirl in fresh revelations as well as rumors about Don Regan's fate. ► The issues of law and ethics in Irancon. ► Mario Cuomo decides not to make the race. ► Jack Kemp changes his pitch to conservatives. ► New guidelines on drug tests for federal workers create a sort of Big John program.



WORLD: Mikhail Gorbachev calls a peace 22 forum to step up his diplomatic offensive

In the Grand Kremlin Palace, the Soviet leader addresses cultural and scientific notables from East and West. Opposition both within the party and at the grass roots, though, may block his bold attempts to reform Soviet society. ► A report from the scene of last December's riots in Kazakhstan. ► West Beirut burns as rival militias battle for control.



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Religion

The Church of England votes on the ordination of women as priests; some of its conservative members threaten a schism.

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Economy & Business

A space race among satellite launchers. ► Brazil suspends debt payments. ► Insider Trader Dennis Levine gets two years.

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Sport

The best rebounder in college basketball is Jerry Tarkanian, the Las Vegas coach whose No. 1 team draws from the discards.

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Ethics

Many health-care officials are beginning to fear that proposed mandatory AIDS testing will create more problems than it solves.

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Behavior

A school in California develops the hidden artistic gifts of idiots savants, helping build their self-confidence.

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Science

A substance that conducts electricity perfectly may make technological dreams come true. ► Zeroing in on a cause of Alzheimer's.

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Books

V.S. Naipaul's *The Enigma of Arrival* is heartbreaking and bracing. ► *Idols of Perseverance* traces the kinky roots of misogyny.

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Essay

The urge to punish the President for the Irancontra arms scheme is natural. Blocking contra aid, however, is not the way to do it.

Cover: Photograph by Greg Gorman—Gamma/Liaison

A Letter from the Publisher

Staffers at TIME learn to live with the necessary but often confining space constraints of journalism. Quite a number of them, however, have found an antidote for the weekly squeeze: writing books. "I enjoy the long haul of a book," says TIME Art Critic Robert Hughes, author of the best-selling *The Fatal Shore* (Knopf), a 688-page history of his native Australia's years as a British penal colony. "Books give you a greater sense of proprietorship," says Senior Writer Otto Friedreich, whose ninth work, *City of Nets* (Harper & Row), details the Hollywood of the 1940s. "They are something that you can call your own."

Finding the time to write is a problem. Hughes spent ten years on *The Fatal Shore*. "It was a constant tap dance between the magazine and the book," says he. Friedreich worked weekends for four years to finish *City of Nets*. Senior Editor Walter Isaacson labored late at night and during weeks off on *The Wise Men: Six Friends and the World They Made* (Simon & Schuster), a chronicle of the U.S. foreign policy establishment co-written with former Associate Editor Evan Thomas. "Even so," says Isaacson, "it took three years."

To work around his schedule at TIME, Associate Editor J.D. Reed and his wife Christine divided chores on *Exposure* (Soho Press), a murder mystery set in the world of soccer. Christine wrote, while her husband edited and supplied sports expertise.



Authorship: an antidote for the weekly squeeze

Says he: "I also provided lots of pats on the back, and coffee."

Some of our correspondents found subjects for books simply by plying their trade. Before leaving Tokyo for his new post in Los Angeles, Correspondent Edwin Reingold collaborated with his subject for *Made in Japan: Akio Morita and Sony* (Dutton), a study of that enterprising industrialist. Boston Correspondent Lawrence Malkin's *The National Debt* (Henry Holt) grew out of his 25 years as an economics journalist. Washington Bureau Chief Strobe Talbott expanded on his coverage of the past two superpower summits to co-write, with Michael Mandelbaum of the Council on Foreign Relations, *Reagan and Gorbachev* (Random House).

Our authors proved to be adept jugglers. Robert Slater of the Jerusalem bureau wrote *The Titans of Takeover* (Prentice-Hall), a look at Wall Street machinations, while reporting on the Middle East. Ottawa Bureau Chief Peter Stoler, who probes the beleaguered media in *The War Against the Press* (Dodd, Mead), completed his book while covering Canada. Says Stoler: "I learned to grab bits of time on planes and trains, grateful that it takes a while to get from one end of Canada to another."

Robert L. Miller

He's on an imperfect mission with an imperfect protégé...but the perfect tan.

SPIES

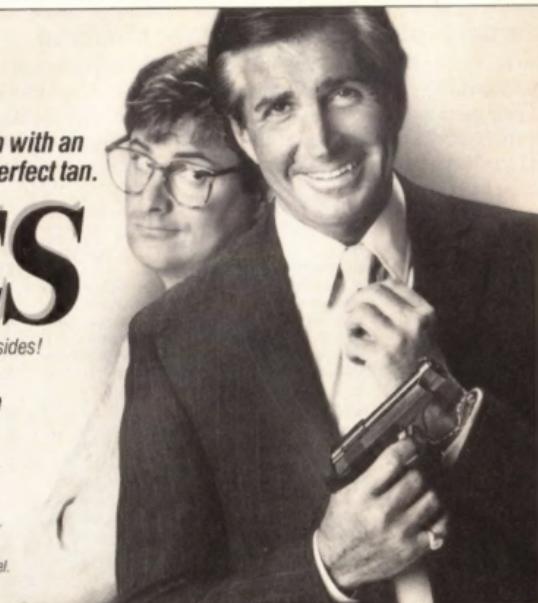
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Letters

Savvy Sailor

To the Editors:

Let's give Dennis Conner a great big cheer for his victory in bringing back the America's Cup to the U.S. [SPORT, Feb. 9]. All Americans like to see someone who has been defeated fight his way back to the top. The skipper of the *Stars & Stripes* is and deserves to be our new national hero. What impresses me most about his success is that it seems his heart made the real difference.

Willard F. Workman III
Norristown, Pa.

Hurrah for the man who cannot swim and says he does not love to sail, for he has returned the Cup to its rightful place. I do not give a fig for sailing, but I like Americans to win, whether it be in a yacht race, international relations or Olympic sporting contests.

Michael S. Aurelius
Munster, Ind.

If this be treason, make the most of it: I was rooting for Australia's *Kookaburra III*. I confess I never have identified strongly with the yachting set, and having spent two years in Australia during World War II, I came to admire its cocky and spirited people. They are my idea of what



Americans used to be a hundred years ago, the last of the true frontiersmen. I did not begrudge them the America's Cup while they had it.

Nolan Nix
Denver

I am a typical fanatic when it comes to basketball, baseball, football and hockey—the real sports of America. My interests did not include yachting. But I stayed up until 3:30 a.m. for four nights to watch the America's Cup finals. The races

proved to be incredibly interesting and exciting. Congratulations to Skipper Dennis Conner and his crew on their victory.

*Liam P. Dent
Mineola, N.Y.*

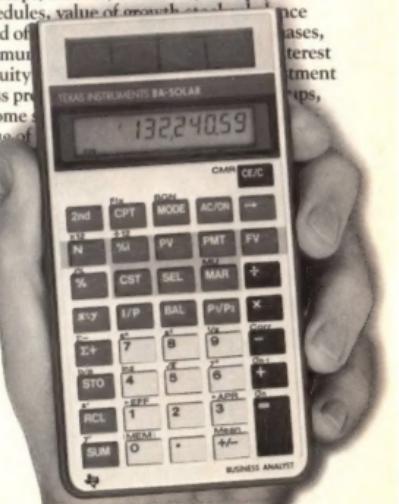
The State of Reagan

To answer your question "Did anyone care?" about Reagan's State of the Union address, I am one who does [NATION, Feb. 9]. I personally found the President to be at his very best, as usual, and quite invigorating. Some Americans have forgotten just how low this country had sunk before Reagan became President. We were experiencing double-digit inflation, hatred and gross disrespect from abroad, and frustration because of a lack of leadership. I say thank you, Mr. President, for throwing a lifeline to a sinking America.

*Sylvia Curry
Griffin, Ga.*

I haven't seen a major change in the President since he was first elected in 1980. Mr. Reagan has been simplistic, unrealistic, inaccurate and chauvinistic all along. Early in his presidency, the press highlighted some of these faults as they appeared. Later on little was said, as if popularity in the polls had made these traits meaningless. I am relieved that once again the press is perceiving that Mr.

For balancing your checkbook, averaging your golf scores, tipping the waiter.



Reagan exhibits qualities that are not appropriate to the demands and stature of the office he holds.

*Katherine R. Wegner
Golden, Colo.*

Your article on President Reagan was a disgusting put-down. "Did anyone care?" you ask. I am one of the people who care very much for our beloved President.

*Betty Merritt
Salem, W. Va.*

Dispute over Defense

Your article "A Shield Against Arms Control" [NATION, Feb. 2] once again demonstrates Strobe Talbott's bias and inaccurate reporting concerning my views on arms reduction. You state that I have been "trying to use SDI to drive a stake through the heart of arms control." This is completely wrong. Since 1983 I have been supporting strategic defense for its own merits and have been urging that we secure genuine and effective arms reduction.

My speech in Colorado Springs in January did not call for "deployment in the next few years of a rudimentary version of SDI." Nor did I "seem to have in mind a system that would rely not on Star Wars laser beams fired from battle stations in space but largely on ground-based antiballistic-missile interceptors and other 'off-the-shelf' technology." In fact, I specifically ruled out the use of "off-the-

shelf technology," saying "we did not have anything on the shelf." Mr. Talbott also attributes to me the notion that "the purpose would be not to render American missiles obsolete but, quite the contrary, to assure their ability to withstand an attack." I have said repeatedly we would not build any system that is designed for, or limited to, point defense, because what we want is a system that would protect the continent and destroy Soviet missiles, and thus render them obsolete.

Mr. Talbott also links my statements to a desire to "deploy something, anything, sooner rather than later," whereas I have said we should *not* deploy any strategic defense unless it was effective, and an integral part of the whole system, designed to protect the continent and the territory of our allies against long- and medium-range missiles. I have added that we cannot do that now or next year. One of the aspects of this article that I find most disturbing is not just the erroneous statements made, but that they are presented as facts and not even attributed to the usual unnamed sources.

*Caspar Weinberger
Secretary of Defense
Washington*

Scientific Enthusiasm

Carlo Rubbia, Nobel laureate, physicist extraordinaire and my colleague at Harvard, is certainly not the unethical op-

portunist that Gary Taubes portrays in his book *Nobel Dreams* [SCIENCE, Feb. 9]. He is a physicist in the tradition of Galileo and Fermi, with only a wee bit of Machiavelli thrown in. Taubes offers a sensationalized view of the way Big Physics is done. He manages to paint the trees perfectly while missing the forest. He encounters Rubbia fresh from his award-winning discovery of the W and Z particles. Briefly, Rubbia is convinced that his group has found something even more exciting, something that overthrows the theory the earlier data seemed to confirm. Sadly, these "monojets" turn out to be simply a statistical fluke, an honest mistake. Taubes gives a peculiarly distorted impression of an incomparable scientist at an embarrassing moment. True, Rubbia is a hotheaded honcho who will move mountains when they are in his way, but he is a supernally brilliant physicist and a man of unimpeachable integrity. If we only had more like him, perhaps we would be able to finally find out what nature is all about.

*Sheldon Lee Glashow, Nobel Laureate
Higgins Professor of Physics
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.*

Ethical Choices and AIDS

I must confess to some dismay about the views attributed to me in your story concerning the treatment of AIDS [ETH-]

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Toward a more competitive America—IV

Did we shoot ourselves in the foot?

During our discussion of productivity in recent weeks, we have cited the budget deficit, the trade imbalance, and the loss of ground to foreign competition as major problems facing the economy. In seeking solutions, we think Americans have to be asking whether we've shot ourselves in the foot.

As we've said earlier in this series, most economists agree that this nation's trade deficit—its apparent inability to compete effectively against foreign producers—stems from the huge budget deficit, which keeps both real interest rates and the value of the dollar abnormally high. (While the dollar has plunged against the West German and Japanese currencies in the past year, it has remained relatively stable against the currencies of most of our other major trading partners, including the Canadians, Brazilians, South Koreans, and Taiwanese.)

But our national leaders have done little to address the deficit problem. Political demands seem to outweigh the economic ones as Congress and the Administration submit differing budget proposals, and the debate centers largely on cosmetics rather than fundamentals.

Instead of a serious attack on the deficit, Congress devoted two years to tax "reform." But unlike the Japanese, America's leaders refused to consider the consumption tax that could make genuine and lasting inroads on the budget deficit and provide a strong incentive to save and invest. Our leaders still quibble over how much fat there remains to be trimmed from federal spending. In our view the probable answer is lots. But we remain convinced that additional revenue sources may also have to be found—and that a consumption tax is one we ought to seriously consider.

And the tax changes Congress labored so mightily to enact seem to have been written with no consideration of America's competitive position in world markets. We've already cited the major ways in which tax "reform" hinders the ability of business to invest and thereby increase productivity: the loss of the investment tax credit and the stretchout of depreciation schedules. We've also cited the ways it hinders savings: by limiting IRAs and 401(k) plans.

We can understand a Congress anxious to close real or perceived tax loopholes at a time of budget deficits. But we would expect the feeling of belt-tightening and reduced expectations also to become part of the congressional mentality. So far, it hasn't.

In our industry alone, in addition to the \$10 billion impact over five years of tax reform, we face additional millions in new taxes for the Superfund to clean up orphan dumps. We face added refining costs related to the removal of lead from regular gasoline. And in the congressional hopper are additional proposals—costly ones—involved waste treatment, acid rain, and federal clean air standards. Other industries face similar mandated expenditures.

We recognize the need to address environmental concerns in a timely way. But those concerns are everyone's. So is national competitiveness. For our leaders not to consider the impact on trade when they legislate is counterproductive. Special taxes and other burdens can limit the ability of American companies to meet the threat of foreign competition—and thereby worsen the nation's economic problems. Societal problems, we feel, should be paid for in a simple, direct and fair way—out of the general treasury.

When Americans counsel nations whose debt burdens seem almost too heavy to be met, the advice is usually pretty standard—and pretty sensible. Cut spending, pull in your horns, sacrifice instant gratification for future productivity, and export all you can to meet your obligations and earn investment capital. Well, America, for the first time since before World War I, has joined the ranks of debtor nations. But our leaders don't even give us the same advice they give others, let alone heed it. And that, we think, is another prime example of how we may have shot ourselves in the foot.

Next: How to stimulate investment and growth.

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Letters

ICS, Feb. 2]. I do think triage situations are likely to arise in distributing curative drugs for AIDS. But they are not so likely to occur with respect to the AZT drug for two reasons: first, it is not a cure, only a palliative. Second, there is no reason why large quantities of the drug cannot be made available quickly if there are funds to pay for its production.

More important, I do not believe AZT ought to be withheld from drug abusers as a group. But if there were a drug that could kill the AIDS virus and it was in short supply, a person likely to reinfect himself by using contaminated needles might be given a lower priority to receive it than those with lower possibilities of re-infection. I did not mean to suggest that there was any ethically defensible public policy that would allow the total exclusion of drug abusers from treatment.

Arthur L. Caplan
The Hastings Center
Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Promoting Condoms

You noted that the three major networks refused to advertise condoms on TV [HEALTH & FITNESS, Feb. 2]. Through commercials on prime-time television, I have learned more about the problems associated with a woman's menstrual cycle than I ever did in a biology class. On soap operas I have watched characters bounce from bed to bed in the most irresponsible, uncaring sexual encounters. To have network executives of these shows now worry that a condom commercial aimed at controlling AIDS might offend some people portrays a two-faced, selective sexism.

William F. Garnett
Grandview, Mo.

Recognition for Gastronomy

In your article about Food Author M.F.K. Fisher, you quote her as saying that the establishment of a culinary center, the James Beard Foundation, in Beard's New York town house is "ridiculous" and an idea he would hate [FOOD, Jan. 26]. The foundation is part of an effort by many of us in the business—food writers, cooks, restaurateurs, purveyors and wine growers—to establish gastronomy as a recognized art and bona fide discipline.

One needs a famous name like Beard's for such an enterprise, and, knowing Jim as I did for 25 years, I disagree with Mrs. Fisher. I am sure I can see that little smile of pleasure and secret satisfaction on his face now that he knows his own house will be a gathering place for his friends, colleagues and followers.

Julia Child
Santa Barbara, Calif.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

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RICHARD DREYFUSS DANNY DeVITO BARBARA HERSHEY

TIN MEN



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Casey Stengel

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CHANNEL
5 NEWS

Ron Magers and Carol Marin

We give it to you straight.

The poor have many faces...

She lost her job last week—and her health insurance. That might not be so bad if her husband were still working. But she no longer has a husband—just three children.

She's one of the several million women who are heads of households and the sole support of their family.

She's also now one of the many million unemployed whose health care insurance has run out and who haven't yet gotten another job with replacement coverage.

When it comes to health care, the poor have many faces. Hers is one of them. As a nation, we cannot turn our backs on those who want and need the health care to which they have a right. We must guarantee their access to high-quality, cost-effective treatment. Isn't that our responsibility?

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American Scene

In New Mexico: Visions Along the Amtrak Line

Along a railroad track in a ravine in Canyoncito, N. Mex., just north of the Lamy train station, there have been occasional sightings of curious apparitions. On this gloomy Sunday, passengers on the *Southwest Chief* have been warned to keep their eyes open. Their train will be passing through Canyoncito between 2 and 3 in the afternoon.

Canyoncito is on wild, beautiful land 15 miles southeast of Santa Fe. The landscape is dotted with adobe ranch houses and corrals. Chamizas with yellow flowers, delicate violet asters, sage, piñons and cacti grow everywhere.

In the ravine the sky is overcast, and rain appears imminent. Two women emerge from a red Dat-sun pickup parked under the railroad trestle. A golden retriever stands guard by their side. Victoria Cross, 36, pulls on a long, flowing green-velvet mask that is sewn to a wrangler's hat. The mask has many gourds hanging from it. Sherie Hartle, 35, is putting on a white mask that resembles a death's-head. The masks are frightening; they are right out of a peyote dream.

Vicki and Sherie are in the process of transforming themselves into the "curious apparitions" that passengers on the *Southwest Chief* have been warned about. The performance that is about to begin is part of a project called "Apparitions and Amtrak," funded in part by a grant from the New Mexico Arts Division and the National Endowment for the Arts.

Vicki, who moved to Santa Fe 14 years ago, makes almost all of the masks and costumes used in the performance. She designs her favorite apparitions this way: "The Jester is a bedspread, some socks and curtains, beads and bells. Buttonface is pajamas, a favorite shirt, lots of buttons, a vegetable steamer, socks and an old cloth flag I used to fly in Arroyo Hondo. The apparitions are gentle reminders to the Amtrak passengers that dreams are important aspects of our lives."

Today Vicki is the Mexican Hat. Sherie, a massage therapist when she is not performing, will be the Winter One. Vicki's trunk, overflowing with costumes and masks, stands in the ravine about ten feet from the Galisteo creek. Sherie, doing a little dance in her robe and mask, suddenly slips on a flat, wet rock and falls hard on her back. "I'm O.K.! I'm O.K.!" she shouts through her mask, and she gets back up.

Suddenly an old Subaru cuts down into the ravine, and Ifan Evans, 47, who is driving, brings the car to a sharp halt just a few feet from the creek. Four people all seem to exit the car at the same time, and there is much hugging and kissing. But there is little time to waste.

"What time is the train due?" Dianne Porter, 40, an "environmental visionary" who works in the Marcy Street Card Shop, asks Vicki. "In about 15 minutes. We have to hurry."

Dianne chooses a costume for herself and her daughter Bridey, 9. Dianne will

and a gray mule stand quietly. A heavenly silence seems to enfold the land. Ifan walks the corral, and the mule comes over to better observe this strange man. They stare at each other for several minutes, and then Ifan nods to the mule and walks on. Ifan, today, will be a solitary apparition in the dreamscape.

Ifan says of his performing, "It's a reminder of who I am inside. When I climb under one of these masks, sound changes—I'm different. It reminds me that I'm more than just a squash player, more than an escape from New York. It's telling me of something I should do, or used to do."

Vicki is the first to hear the train whistle blow. "The train! The train is coming!" she shouts.

"How do you know?" Veva calls down to her. "I heard it. I heard the whistle."

Vicki starts to perform a mad Apache war dance, spinning and turning in small, violent circles. Twenty feet in front of Vicki, high on the concrete platform, Bridey, Veva and Dianne are shrieking with excitement. As the train comes into view, they begin to spin and dance as if possessed. Bridey calls out to her mother as the train pulls onto the trestle.

"Stop! Stop! You'll make it rain! You'll make it rain!"

It's all over in a minute. The engineer waves. These are friendly apparitions; they wave back. Several passengers sight the dancers and flash broad smiles. As the last car crosses the trestle, the sun comes out for the first time all day, and at the same time, it begins to rain. "You made it rain! You made it rain!" Bridey shouts. "You made lightning!"

Vicki, who has been dancing as if in a hallucinatory trance the whole time the train was passing, is now screaming at the top of her lungs, "Where's Sandino? Where's my dog? Is he still alive?"

Time stands still in Canyoncito for a few precious seconds until Bridey calls down to Vicki. "He's O.K., he's O.K. I see him. He's coming back—he ran after the train." Enter Sandino, performance star. He comes zooming down from an overpass, jumps a steep embankment, caroms mightily through the creek, stutters around some sage and leaps onto Vicki. Vicki hugs her dog. The train is gone; the land is quiet again.

—By Lenny Schulman



The apparitions of Canyoncito try to remind Amtrak riders to dream

be Spiral Head, and Bridey will be the Summer Bird. Vicki chooses the Baby Raven for Veva Burns, Bridey's friend, who is also nine.

Dianne adjusts Bridey's costume, and then she and Bridey and Veva go under the trestle and climb a steep incline that is strewn with boulders. The footing is slippery; they go cautiously and emerge on a concrete platform that is five feet from the railroad tracks.

Meanwhile, Ifan Evans, the Jester, puts on a Pinocchio mask, says goodbye to Vicki and Sherie and walks away down a path. Ifan carries a tall staff with a long, flowing pink pennant attached to it. On the way, he meets Thor Sigstedt, who is with his children Dylan, 5, and Tara, 7.

Thor, 34, owns the land here, about 40 acres of it. He has long, sandy hair and a kind, weathered face. "We're not going to take part today, but we'll watch from up there." Thor points to a spot farther up the hill by two tall ponderosa pines. Behind these hills are the Sangre de Cristo mountains.

They say goodbye, and Ifan continues his walk down the path until he comes to a barbed-wire corral. There, a tan pony

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TIME MARCH 2, 1987

Tower of Judgment

Investigators uncover some wild NSC deeds

On the Day of Judgment, according to ancient religious tradition, all secrets will be revealed and all hidden sins bared. The report on Iranconcerns that a presidential commission is due to make public Thursday will not quite measure up to that standard. But as the torrent of leaks and revelations last week made clear, the document will lay open all manner of embarrassing foreign policy secrets and possibly point to some indictable misdeeds as well. As publication day approached, an almost palpable sense of fear settled over the White House. Some aides went so far as to speculate that, depending on how Ronald Reagan and his lieutenants react, Feb. 26 could turn out to be a secular analogue of Judgment Day. Said an apprehensive Reagan assistant of the report: "We've got to be careful. If we mishandle this, that's all she wrote."

The three-man commission, headed by former Republican Senator John Tower of Texas, was appointed by Reagan to look into the operations of the National Security Council. But to the consternation of the White House, the commission has broadened the scope of its inquiry to probe a wide variety of questions stemming from the arms deals with Iran and covert efforts to support the Nicaraguan *contras*. Among the disclosures that preceded the report's release:

► The President himself has given the Tower commission conflicting testimony on a key question: Did he approve in advance the 1985 Israeli shipments of American-made arms to Iran? In his first interview with the commission last month, Reagan gave the impression he had. But in a second interview, on Feb. 11, Reagan insisted that, after searching his memory and consulting with White House Chief of Staff Donald Regan, he could not recall granting authorization.

A source close to Regan gave TIME this explanation: The President watched former National Security Adviser Robert McFarlane testify before a congressional committee on TV and was impressed with his explanation of the rationale for the Iran

deals. During Reagan's first appearance before the Tower commission, the President was asked a broad question about McFarlane's version, and replied that he saw things the same way. Regan realized that the President's testimony seemed to confirm McFarlane's claim that Reagan had authorized the 1985 shipments. Regan then went over his notes and asked the President whether he had any recollection of approving the shipment. Reagan did not, said this source, and told the commission as much during his second interview. Said a source close to the commission: "The President didn't seem to think it was a big deal."

To others, the switch pointed to dismaying presidential fuzziness, if not outright deceit, about a vital matter of foreign policy. Scoffed one Senator: "The President can't remember which version is true and which is the cover story." The lawmaker added that Reagan's memory has noticeably deteriorated; just before his prostate surgery in January, he approved a major intelligence "finding," but two weeks later could not remember it.

The switch in the President's testimony stirred new speculation that he is being manipulated by his chief of staff. Once again there were calls for Regan's head. This time the President responded by saying that if the chief of staff wanted to resign, he would not try to dissuade him. Though Regan's well-publicized feud with Nancy Reagan deepened, and rumors persisted that he would leave in the next week or so, the chief of staff expressed his determination to stay.

► The three members of the commission—Tower, former National Security Adviser Brent Scowcroft and former Secretary of State Edmund Muskie—called on McFarlane last Thursday in Bethesda Naval Hospital. McFarlane has been confined there since Feb. 9, after he attempted suicide by swallowing an overdose of Valium. The session in a conference room adjoining the presidential suite was stilted: the four men know each other well, but they took pains to speak formally as inves-





tigators and witness. McFarlane addressed Tower as "Senator" and Muskie as "Mr. Secretary."

In 3½ hours of testimony, McFarlane strongly reiterated that Reagan had authorized the 1985 shipments—at a meeting, ironically, in Bethesda Hospital, where the President was recuperating from his colon-cancer operation. McFarlane quoted the President as saying, "I want to get the hostages out. If the Israelis say we can do it, let's try." McFarlane added that Regan (who McFarlane believes is out to get him) was at the meeting.

McFarlane pointed more strongly than before to an organized attempt last November to minimize or even cover up the President's role in the 1985 Israeli arms sales. McFarlane had previously admitted helping draft a chronology that was, in his word, "disingenuous." This time he apparently went further: he confessed to writing a memo last Nov. 18, at the request of his successor, John Poindexter, that was deliberately phrased to "blur" Reagan's role. The memo outlined a way in which the President could plausibly deny having approved the Israeli shipments. If his later insistence that Reagan had given that approval is to be believed, then McFarlane knew the denials he suggested in November would be false.

A White House source insists the memo was written not for purposes of concealment but in hopes of minimizing an already explosive controversy at a time when the U.S. still thought it had a chance of winning freedom for American hostages held in Lebanon by terrorists influenced by Iran. To others, however, the memo is bound to look like part of an orchestrated cover-up.

► The commission is developing other evidence suggestive of a cover-up. It is focusing on preparation of a chronology drafted last November by Lieut. Colonel Oliver North with the assistance of McFarlane, Poindexter and several CIA officials. Reagan based some of his statements in his disastrous Nov. 19 press conference on the "Ollie chronology," as it was once called. The White House has explained that it later discovered portions were inaccurate.

Several people who participated in the drafting strenuously denied to *TIME* that any cover-up was attempted. The inaccuracies, they insisted, were a product of haste and confusion. The story of the arms sales had begun breaking, and the President had to say something quickly. According to one story, investigators for Attorney General Edwin Meese visited North's office on the third floor of the Old Executive Office Building to look at the documents. North had compiled and asked, "Don't you have any more paper?" "Paper!" exclaimed North. "You want paper?" He proceeded to pull documents from his files and pile them in huge stacks on a large table. They were poised over by



That besieged feeling: Commissioners Tower, Scowcroft and Muskie; Regan pointing to the man who will decide his fate

Nation

officials, many of whom had knowledge of only a small part of the tangled story of the arms-for-hostages dealings with Iran.

The *Wall Street Journal* reported last week that the chronology was rewritten twice, and became less accurate each time. An early version prepared by the CIA said the Israelis in November 1985 shipped missiles to Iran "at NSC behest." A subsequent version claimed that the shipment was made by the Israelis despite U.S. misgivings. The final version asserted that the Administration thought the shipment consisted of oil-drilling equipment and did not discover that it was made up of missiles until two months later.

► There were reports that North twice gave Iranian middlemen involved in the arms deals intelligence reports that were not supposed to be shown to anyone outside the U.S. Government. The Washington *Post* quoted one source as saying, "Ollie was running his own covert operation within the authorized covert operation." If North indeed acted on his own, he could be prosecuted for violating espionage laws. NSC sources told *TIME* the story overstated the secrecy of the data: they maintained that the information was classified NOFORN, used for information that is not supposed to be shared with other governments but often is.

It was also revealed last week that in early 1986 Reagan signed an intelligence "finding" authorizing U.S. efforts to kidnap suspected terrorists overseas and bring them to America for trial. FBI Director William Webster furiously protested. But the President went ahead at the urging of William Casey, then CIA director, and—who else?—Ollie North. The idea originally came from a counter-terrorism group headed by Vice President George Bush, which included it among many other recommendations for antiterrorist strategy, but the finding was kept so secret that the Vice President's office was never informed of it. No actual kidnappings ever occurred.

Another aborted plan was for a joint U.S.-Egyptian attack on Libya in 1985, designed to topple Muammar Gaddafi. The existence of contingency plans has long been known, but it had been thought that they would be put into operation only if Gaddafi offered some blatant provocation. It was disclosed last week that an operation had been mapped out by the NSC staff and the CIA in detail. It called for the Egyptian army to invade Libya with U.S. air support and occupy about half the country. It apparently became serious enough that the State and Defense departments, which considered the plan reckless and dangerous, had to exert

extraordinary efforts to get it stopped.

Two interesting aspects about the idea are its timing and its sponsorship. The drafting became serious in the summer of 1985, precisely when the Reagan Administration was on the verge of approving the Israeli plan to sell arms to Iran. The wildly contradictory policies toward two nations suspected of fomenting terrorism showed the Administration's failure to develop any consistent antiterrorist policy. One of the promoters of a Libyan invasion supposedly was Robert Gates, then CIA deputy director for intelligence. He is

gross of any future covert operations.

After the Libyan allegations broke, Pennsylvania Republican Arlen Specter said Gates' confirmation "is no longer a shoo-in." The committee had already put off a vote until at least next week, in case the Tower commission disclosed something new about Gates' role in Iranscam. There is still some ambiguity about that role. Two sources told *TIME* last week that Gates helped piece together the Ollie chronology. The CIA vehemently denies it. In fact, one official says Gates visited North's office late last November to demand that North admit he lied about one point.

When Reagan appointed the Tower commission in late November, it seemed likely that the panel would produce little more than a management consultant's dry analysis of the NSC. But armed with the President's authority to question anybody about anything, the three members took it on themselves to conduct the most sweeping investigation yet of the whole affair. They have questioned 58 witnesses, including several no other body had heard from—Reagan, for one, as well as Manucher Ghorbanifar and Adnan Khashoggi, the two leading middlemen in the Iranian deals. The commission has prepared its own chronology of the deals, a 200-page analysis that is by far the most comprehensive yet put together.

For weeks now, Washington has expected the panel's report to be scathingly critical of the Administration. It seems unlikely, however, that the panel can go beyond an earlier Senate Intelligence Committee study in answering the central question: Was the Administration trading arms for hostages? (The Senate report indicated this was a major factor, despite Reagan's denials.) It is possible that the panel will be unable to prove who is right in those many cases in which Administration witnesses, notably Regan and McFarlane, have told contradictory stories. But it can and almost certainly will spotlight those conflicts in a manner highly embarrassing to the Administration.

In addition, the commission has come across a treasure trove of material that gives its report the potential for being truly explosive: an intact White House master record of computer messages for a critical period last November, when news of the Iranian arms sales had just become public and officials were scurrying to compile the misleading Ollie chronology. The file contained all messages sent and received during that period by NSC staffers. The computer system functioned as an electronic mailbox that staffers used to send one another messages by secure code; some found that more convenient than talk-



Gates testifying: NSC computer terminals
Policy memos, lunch dates and jokes.

said to have written a memo in July 1985 plugging an invasion as a way to "redraw the map of North Africa."

Gates, through a spokesman, asserted that "such suggestions are totally unfounded." But the story broke at the worst possible time for him: he had just sweated through two days of tough questioning before the Senate Intelligence Committee on his nomination to succeed the ailing Casey as CIA director. Gates repeatedly insisted that he had known little about the sale of arms to Iran and the diversion of profits to the *contras*, and he promised to argue within the Administration for prompt disclosure to Con-

ing on the phone. The messages ranged from broad policy memorandums to notes about lunch dates and even private jokes.

Many of the system's users thought until a few days ago that any messages they deleted were gone forever. In fact they were preserved on a master disk for two weeks. Normally most of the messages would then be erased. But when Attorney General Meese late last November discovered the diversion of funds to the *contras*, he ordered that the master disks dating back to Nov. 8 be preserved. When the commission got access to them, it delayed its already critical report for a week so that it could wade through the mass of messages.

Washington is abuzz with speculation about what may be in the messages the commission discovered. Besides those dealing with the transmission of intelligence data by North to Iran, some may point to earlier efforts by North and the CIA to organize a gunrunning operation to the *contras* at a time when direct or indirect U.S. military assistance to the Nicaraguan rebels was forbidden by Congress. The message file may provide some

clues as to whether a cover-up of the Iranian arms deals was attempted last November. The furor of anticipation is reminiscent of the anxiety with which the nation awaited the playing of the Nixon tapes during Watergate.

Late last week Government classification experts began negotiating with the commission about what portions of its report must be excised to prevent disclosure of intelligence secrets. (Technically, the report is classified, and the Tower commission lacks authority to declassify it.) The commission has threatened to withhold its chronology if the White House in-

sists on deleting enough material to distort it. But that hardly seems likely; the resulting uproar would be too deafening. Reagan is scheduled to get a copy Thursday morning, and the report will then be distributed publicly. The White House expects to wait several days before issuing any response. "We need time to digest all of it," explains an aide. "Any misstep [in answering the commission] could be fatal."

By last week, however, the President could no longer maintain his long-studied silence about the fate of Don Regan. Ever since Irancon broke in November, Regan has been insistently counseled by old friends inside and outside the Administration, and even by his wife, to fire his chief of staff. Whatever his own role in the scandal, Regan has long been accused of keeping the President isolated from most of his own Administration and more recently (and accurately) of totally failing to prepare any convincing response to the steady drumbeat of Irancon revelations.

Regan's position has now worsened badly. One reason is that the chief of staff,



THE PRESIDENT COOPERATES

Firing Is Hard to Do

Only Ronald Reagan knows whether he would really like Don Regan to leave the White House. But even if the President would, he is, as a former assistant notes, "incapable of firing anyone." At least face to face. Though Reagan had little trouble sacking 11,500 air-traffic controllers in 1981, he is known to have directly dismissed only a few top aides in his entire political career. One was John Sears, his 1980 campaign manager. Reagan summoned Sears and two other advisers to a hotel room in New Hampshire and said, "Fellas, this isn't going to work."

Reagan eased Secretary of State Alexander Haig out of office. In 1982, after the emotional Haig offered once too often to resign, the President handed him a note that began, "It is with the most profound regret that I accept your letter of resignation." Observed the astonished Haig in his memoir. *Caveat*: "The President was accepting a letter of resignation that I had not submitted."

Reagan is far from alone among Presidents in his reluctance to do what corporate managers are expected to do almost routinely. Most Presidents have abhorred direct dismissals of high officials, preferring to arrange face-saving resignations when finally convinced that a once valued aide must leave. When Sherman Adams, Dwight Eisenhower's steely chief of staff, admitted in 1958 that he had accepted a *vicuña* coat and some blankets from Textile Manufacturer Bernard Goldfine, even Ike, who had vowed that his

Administration would be "clean as a hound's tooth," took no action until Republican fat cats warned that party fund raising might suffer unless Adams left. Eisenhower let aides pass that worry along to Adams, who then stepped down. As Adams wrote in his memoirs: "Any presidential appointee whose presence in the Administration becomes an embarrassment to the President for any reason whatsoever has no choice but to submit his resignation."

Only when his own skin was being scorched by Watergate did Richard Nixon sacrifice Aides H. R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman. He found the courage to tell each of them face to face in tearful meetings at Camp David that they must resign. Then he praised them publicly as "two of the finest public servants" he had ever known. Jimmy Carter defended Bert Lance as innocent of shady banking practices and brushed off advice that he ask his longtime friend to leave his post as Director of the Office of Management and Budget. "I could not bring myself to do it," Carter later explained. When Lance finally resigned, Carter endured a scolding from Lance's wife LaBelle for letting him go.

In 1951, fed up with what he viewed as General Douglas MacArthur's insubordination as commander of United Nations forces in Korea, Harry Truman told an aide, "The son of a bitch isn't going to resign on me! I want him fired!" Yet Truman did not complete the deed in person; instead he relayed his orders, signed by Army General Omar Bradley, to MacArthur in Tokyo. As it turned out, MacArthur learned indirectly from radio reports that he was out before Truman's message ever reached him.



Truman and MacArthur in happier times

never noted for tact, has been rude to Nancy Reagan. In one telephone conversation about ten days ago, Regan urged that the President begin appearing again in public, and the First Lady insisted that he be kept on a light schedule until he completed recovery from his Jan. 5 prostate surgery. The talk involved some "shouting," according to one source, and Nancy has told friends that Regan cut it off by abruptly hanging up on her. The First Lady was so miffed that she has since refused to speak to Regan at all. Though Regan's aides denied this story last week, several people in the White House and those close to the First Lady confirm it. Nancy Regan's response: an eloquent "No comment."

When the President finally made one of his rare public appearances last Wednesday at a picture-taking session with visiting Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir, reporters besieged him with shouted questions about the chief of staff. Regan at first gave his stock answer: "Nobody's getting fired." But then, pressed as to whether Regan might resign, the President said, "Well, that is up to him." He added that whenever Administration officials want to retire to private life, "I will never try to talk them out of it." Says a close friend of the President's: "You will never get a clearer signal from Ronald Reagan than that. That is his cry for somebody else to do something."

The remarks evidently were not the answer Regan had expected. Cornered by reporters in the White House later that day and asked about resignation, Regan could only say, "It's up to him," gesturing at the President, who was standing nearby. Later in the week an aide told Regan jokingly, "You're supposed to be resigning in 15 minutes." Regan laughed and replied that no one had told him that—yet.

By now it is probably too late for Regan's departure, if it does finally occur, to give the White House a fresh start toward overcoming the damages of the Irancon. The Tower commission's report will not be the last word in those revelations. Next come the televised hearings by Senate and House investigating committees, which are expected to start in April and may drag on most of the year. One possible snag: Shamir last week refused to let any individual Israeli be questioned, though he promised that the Jerusalem government would reply to written queries.

But it is the Tower commission report, and Regan's eventual response to it, that may signal a turning point. If the President finally goes beyond his vague "mistakes were made" formulations and acknowledges—first of all to himself—the damage that Irancon has done to U.S. foreign policy and to public trust in his Administration, he may yet be able to restore his ability to lead. If not—well, Judgment Day may really be at hand.

—By George J. Church.

Reported by David Beckwith and Barrett Seaman/Washington

Issues of Law and Ethics

The Tower commission will help sort out the bewildering array of activities involved in the Iran-contra affair, some of which may have been illegal, others merely unwise. Here are the key subjects to look for when the report is released this week:

ACTIVITY

Trading arms for hostages



Approving the 1985 Israeli shipments



Failing to notify Congress



Engaging in a November cover-up



Aiding the contras



Diverting Iranian profits to contras



LEGAL QUESTIONS

Although Regan claimed the arms sales were an attempt to cultivate "moderates" in Iran, the evidence shows that this was partly a cover story. Regan repeatedly focused on the hostages. When he first approved the arms shipments, his go-ahead was based on a memo saying such shipments "may well be our only way to achieve the release of the Americans held in Beirut."

McFarlane has testified that Regan authorized in advance the Israeli shipments of U.S. arms to Iran in late 1985. Don Regan has testified that, to the best of his recollection, the President did not. Regan initially told the Tower commission that he had, then two weeks ago changed his story. Several investigators say they find McFarlane's recollection more convincing.

As part of the January 1986 finding authorizing the arms deals, Regan signed an order to the CIA saying that Congress should not be informed. Only after the story broke publicly last November was Congress told of the finding.

A chronology prepared by North and others in November initially indicated that the 1985 shipments were authorized, but it was revised to indicate that U.S. officials at first thought only oil-drilling equipment was involved. Testimony prepared by Casey in November originally contained this misinformation until Shultz objected.

The Irancon investigations have exposed an explosive side issue: North's efforts to funnel aid to the *contras* from private sources and other countries. He gave pep talks to private fund raisers like Carl Chinnell, who were collecting for the cause, and he was involved in overseeing covert arms shipments. Other officials knew of his wide-ranging efforts.

Though no one has precisely traced the money, North was fired for diverting profits from the Iran arms deals to the *contras* through Swiss bank accounts, with John Poindexter's knowledge. By October, nearly two months before Meese revealed the diversion publicly, the CIA's Casey and Gates had indicated it was taking place.

Using arms shipments as a bargaining tool with Iran may not have been illegal. Although it violated publicly proclaimed U.S. policy and arms-export laws, the President had the power to waive the laws by issuing a finding that the actions were in the national interest. But the commission is likely to be harshly critical of the hypocrisy and folly of this failed policy.

If Regan did not authorize the 1985 shipments, McFarlane apparently violated laws by arranging them. If Regan did authorize them, but only orally, that would be an apparent violation of the arms-export laws because he did not sign a finding that this was in the national interest until later, in January 1986. But Meese contends that this finding was retroactive.

The Intelligence Oversight Act requires prior notice of a covert action or, in particularly sensitive cases, notification "in timely fashion." That was generally thought to mean a few hours or days, not eleven months. But Congress is unlikely to pursue a legal challenge in this instance, partly because it is not eager to make an issue of its own impotence.

Lying to the American public is not a crime. Attempting to cover up an illegal act or lying to Congress under oath is. But even if Casey's testimony turns out to have been intentionally misleading, it is unlikely that he would be prosecuted. From a political standpoint, any evidence of White House attempts to cover up what happened could be the most damaging revelation of all.

During the period in question, the Boland Amendment prohibited U.S. funds from "directly or indirectly" supporting *contra* military operations. The legal questions, being vigorously pursued by Special Prosecutor Lawrence Walsh, focus on whether North and other officials participated in supplying weapons or merely encouraged private groups to do so.

The misuse of Government funds or the unauthorized diversion of profits from U.S. arms sales was an apparent violation of the law. Casey passed on his suspicions to Poindexter, but Casey and Gates deny any complicity because, they say, they did not have hard evidence of any crime.

Wayward Ship

How North & Co. operated

All but lost in the tumble of revelations about Iranscam have been the details of what Oliver North and his free-lance operatives were actually doing. How did they transfer weapons and carry out their intricate dealings? The erratic journeys of a small Danish freighter provide a glimpse of the haphazard way the operations worked—didn't.

The convoluted tale began in April 1985, when two of North's shadowy private partners, Iranian-born businessman Albert Hakim and retired Air Force Major General Richard Secord, hired a 163-ft. Danish ship, the *Verdil*, to ferry weapons to the *contras*. The ship was loaded with Soviet AK-47 guns in Poland, then sent to Portugal to pick up ammunition. Documents said the ship was headed for Guatemala, but she docked in Honduras, where the *contras* collected the weapons.

The following year she was less successful. In April 1986 Hakim and Secord bought the ship outright, using money from the infamous account at the Credit Suisse Bank in Geneva that they controlled with North. They rechristened her the *Erria*, and she was sent to the coast of Cyprus to wait while negotiators worked to release four American hostages. Four camp beds were taken on board, and the *Erria* made her way to the Lebanese coast. But the deal fell through, and she was recalled to Denmark.

In July she was again loaded with rifles in Poland and then ammunition in Portugal. Harbor documents showed she was headed for Yemen, but the ship's manifest said Guatemala was the final destination. She returned to Portugal and then departed for Cherbourg, where Hakim had her cargo transferred to another freighter, which later docked at two government depots in North Carolina. It is unclear whether the weapons ever reached the *contras*. The *Erria* was then used in an attempt to exchange rifles with Iran for two captured Soviet T-72 tanks sought by the U.S. for intelligence purposes—a deal that also fell through.

The *Erria* is now in the Danish port of Korsor, where she holds empty and hatches battened. A Danish firm engaged by Hakim to operate the ship has reportedly sued for \$200,000. With his Swiss bank accounts frozen, Hakim is unlikely to settle soon. Meanwhile, the *Erria* is up for sale. ■



The *Erria* in port: errant journeys

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

The Thousand and One Arrows

Ronald Reagan walked into the East Room last week with just the slightest hitch in his stride. The healing from his prostate surgery was almost complete. He stood as straight as ever. Beneath a huge banner, QUEST FOR EXCELLENCE, he gave the 200 assembled businesspeople a talk that was fully ripened Reagan, expertly read from two TelePrompTers.

But the message he brought was just marginally on the minds of his audience. The greater question was about Ronald Reagan's waning presidency. Concern was palpable. Can he revitalize his leadership, so diverted and damaged by scandal and ineptitude?

It is a melancholy moment in the Reagan Administration. The old magic is gone forever, lost not so much to a single shock, the Iran-*contra* affair, as to the thousand and one arrows that constantly assail leaders, causing them to falter as the wounds accumulate. The Reagan nerve ends, so exquisitely conditioned by the long years of struggling to get to the top, are dulled by the isolation and the sycophancies of ultimate power.

The personal and political heartbeat of the Reagan presidency is now in the hands of five people besides the President himself: his wife Nancy, Chief of Staff Don Regan and his deputy Dennis Thomas, the new press spokesman Marvin Fitzwater and Pollster Richard Wirthlin. They regulate Reagan's energies, shape his moods, provide his information, schedule his forays beyond the comforting tranquillity of the Oval Office. They are not a formal body. Mostly they cluster in twos or threes, but they are always linked minute by minute through the phones. It is a singular power mechanism, twisted by its own internal stress.

Regan has become the most reviled White House staff chief in modern times, utterly without support in Congress, the media and his own party. Yet the President clings to him even in the face of his wife's obvious distaste. Don Regan, so bumbling and insensitive in high profile, has reduced his visibility dramatically, a move that has at last become him in his ill-starred winter. But it may be too late. Fair or unfair, there is a national perception that Regan has guided both the President and himself mindlessly toward humiliation. For the moment, he refuses to leave on his own, fostering the unfortunate image of two stubborn old men huddled together in ignorance and isolation.

Still, there is in the midst of this strange scene some stirring of calm competency trying to assert itself, first and foremost from Nancy Reagan. When West Wing concerns began to rise because the sequestered invalid was being judged too dotty to resume his duties, she ignored those who urged her to push him out front before he was well enough. "Too many people I know who have had this operation have tried to do too much too soon," she said. "They had to go back to the hospital. I'm not going to have that happen now." That settled it. Reagan didn't even take the usual 30 minutes to joke with the establishment at the recent Alfalfa Club dinner. He stayed home and rested.

Fitzwater has absorbed the White House press hectoring with good humor, and his obvious sincerity about trying to be right and thorough is holding most grumbler in check for now. Thomas, earlier dismissed as one of Don Regan's "mice," has nevertheless kept lines open to old friends on the Hill and in the media. Wirthlin is keeper of the polls, the closest thing to a real grass root that the President hears.

If the new facts reveal a White House deception beyond anything so far known, Reagan's leadership problems will simply grow to tragic proportions. If the new data only embellish the story of ineptitude and naivete that is already known in its essentials, then Reagan can regain some of the lost prestige by talking from the White House pulpit on other national concerns and working harder than he has ever worked to learn where his country is headed. He cannot again reach the high ground he once occupied, but he can manage his last months in power with dignity and meaning. That is enough.



A circle of two: the President and Regan

Letting the Cup Pass

Cuomo ends his Hamlet-like consideration of a presidential bid

Mario Cuomo is blessed—or cursed—with the ability to see both sides of any argument. As a lawyer, he was trained to plead pro and con and was always deft at making his case. As a man, he is inclined to argue inwardly, to question his motivations, his ambitions.

Openly for the past four months, inwardly for a good deal longer, Cuomo has been weighing the prospect of running for President. Tentative, sometimes coy, playing Hamlet on the Hudson, he has offered only hints as to what was going on inside his mind. But of late the New York Governor seemed to be off and running, what with testimony in Washington, a speech in California, a trip to New Orleans, plans to go to Iowa and New Hampshire. Many Democrats saw him as a figure who could inspire Democratic voters with an eloquent message of national compassion combined with fiscal common sense, although he has been criticized recently for favoring polished rhetoric over nitty-gritty discussion of the issues.

But last Thursday evening Mario Cuomo resolved his inner debate and quietly announced a stunning decision. As he was settling in at the cramped studio of a New York City radio station for a state-wide call-in show, the moderator told Cuomo he wanted to ask him whether he was going to run. "Go ahead," said Cuomo. "I may surprise you. Ask at the end of the program." With four minutes left, the moderator did so. Cuomo put on a pair of glasses, took a typewritten statement out of his pocket and began to read: "In my opinion," he said, "the Democratic Party offers a number of presidential candidates who can prove themselves capable of leading this nation toward a more sane, a more progressive and a more humane future. I will not add my name to that number. The decision is best for my state, best for my family, and I think, also, best for my party."

The announcement surprised even his staff. At a news conference the following day, Cuomo seemed to boast of his insular decision-making process: "I did it without telling anybody. The children didn't know. He was so concerned about secrecy that he had told his trusted secretary, who typed the announcement, that a different, noncommittal version was being typed up by someone else."

So why did Cuomo, in a biblical paraphrase he has often used in interviews, "let the cup pass"? Was it, perhaps, timing? "When you are second in the polls and you haven't even gotten in the game yet, there isn't any reason to be discouraged," said a wry and relaxed Cuomo the next day. He emphasized the difficulties of campaigning for the presidency while holding another office. "You can't win without going to Iowa and New Hampshire. One of the candidates has been in Iowa for 50 days. I can't say, 'Hi, I'm Mario Cuomo. I'm only here for a day be-



Turning his back: Cuomo during a visit to Washington last year
He is suspicious of those who run solely out of personal ambition.

cause I have these guys in New York beating up on me."

Cuomo has been irked by newspaper stories questioning whether the law firm of his son Andrew, 29, his closest political confidant, has inappropriately benefited from family connections. Friends who talked to the Governor after the announcement say that he knew scrutiny of Andrew and other members of his family would become even more unrelenting in a presidential campaign.

Former Colorado Senator Gary Hart is now very much alone as the Democratic frontrunner, and that is not a position he particularly relishes. He knows firsthand the vulnerabilities that come from such exposure: in 1984 he conducted a guerrilla campaign that nearly toppled Walter Mondale, who had been considered virtually invincible.

Without Cuomo, the race to become an alternative to Hart develops into even more of a free-for-all. Both former Arizona Governor Bruce Babbitt and Missouri Congressman Richard Gephardt feel that

the absence of a top-tier battle between Cuomo and Hart will open the way for dark-horse candidates to pick up support and financial backing. Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis will no longer be thought of as the poor man's Mario Cuomo. If he enters the race, he will be the only candidate of the urban Northeast, and can carry the flag of pragmatic liberalism. Dukakis says he will make an announcement sometime in March.

Benefiting most may be Senator Joseph Biden of Delaware. Like Cuomo, Biden is considered a powerful speaker, one who can inspire the emotions of party faithful who are left unmoved by Hart's more cerebral approach. Moreover, he and Cuomo were in competition for roughly the same constituencies: organized labor, urban Roman Catholics and party activists. Cuomo's

decision may inspire others to enter the race: Senator Dale Bumpers of Arkansas was quietly sounding out possible support last week, and some Democrats were renewing efforts to persuade Senator Bill Bradley of New Jersey to consider a race. At a banquet in Atlanta, Georgia Senator Sam Nunn declared he was not entering the presidential sweepstakes at this time, but then added, "I have not completely closed the door." One factor that could encourage others to enter the race is that Cuomo's putative campaign was soaking up a lot of funding that now will become available. The morning after Cuomo's announcement, Hart's

fund raisers stepped up their drive.

Cuomo has always been ambivalent about the desire to be President. He is far more introspective and inner-directed than most politicians. Although he is a powerful campaigner, he did not look forward to the prospect of slogging through the snows of New Hampshire when he could be in Albany in front of a fire writing in his diary.

Some have speculated that Cuomo might see himself as the man the party would turn to in the event of a deadlocked contest. Asked whether he would accept a draft, Cuomo smiled and said, "I will take a draft to the Yankees, to the Mets. A draft for President is not conceivable." Cuomo has said that ever since he got hit in the head by a baseball while playing in the minor leagues, "I've gotten very good about keeping my eye on the ball." Last week the old centerfielder stepped back and let the tempting pitch go by.

—By Richard Stengel
Reported by Bonnie Angelo/New York and
Laurence I. Barrett/Washington

High-goal players. High-spirited ponies. High-style adventure. It's the United States Polo Association's Rolex Gold Cup.

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The Rolex Gold Cup: Galloping into polo's new golden age.

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ROLEX



THE MERCEDES-BENZ S-CLASS AND THE MYSTIQUE OF THE "BIG MERCEDES."

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Kemp at last week's conference: wearing the vivid war paint of a true believer

Tacking Further to the Right

In a strategy switch, Kemp talks tougher on foreign policy

It is an ancient rule for politicians. When far behind, rattle the chessboard and hope the pieces come down in a more promising alignment. New York Congressman Jack Kemp, struggling to reach the top rank of Republican presidential candidates, tried that gambit last week in Washington. Speaking before the 14th annual Conservative Political Action Conference, Kemp demanded that Secretary of State George Shultz resign. Said Kemp: "The Shultz doctrine is not the same thing as the Reagan doctrine."

The audience of 500 applauded wildly. Most of these activists backed Ronald Reagan as far back as 1976, when he nearly wrested the party's nomination from Gerald Ford. Even today, as Reagan battles his worst political crisis, CPAC's confidence in its hero remains high. Most of the participants consider Irancon a murky irrelevancy, a distraction from their agenda of a still stronger defense, a reduced government, a return to the "moral values" of yesteryear. When Reagan told the group he was no lame duck but was "saving his best stuff for the last act," some listeners shouted, "Four more years! Four more years!"

Yet coalition members must find a new hero, and Kemp auditioned for the role by delivering an anti-Communist scorcher instead of his usual abstruse speech about free-market economics. At a time when some Republicans are distancing themselves from Reagan's foreign policy, Kemp embraced it with renewed fervor and blamed any mistakes on Shultz. He accused the Secretary of State of neglecting "freedom fighters" in Afghanistan and Nicaragua and of waffling on the Strategic Defense Initiative.

Properly motivated, the factions at last week's conference can influence the narrow world of nomination politics. Vice President George Bush courted the CPAC

crowd for years and, despite his patrician style, made some friends. This year, sensing a stronger ideological mood, Bush skipped the conference, as did Howard Baker, Senator Robert Dole, Evangelist Pat Robertson and a few lesser candidates, however, welcomed the chance to chat up the conservatives.

Kemp's backers sought to dominate the meeting by taking a page from Reagan's 1976 playbook. After he lost the New Hampshire primary, Reagan attacked Henry Kissinger's détenté policy and, by implication, Ford's anti-Communist credentials. Reagan's candidacy caught fire almost immediately, and he came close to winning the nomination.

Last week, however, other candidates were more restrained than Kemp. Robertson's speech emphasized domestic social issues. When asked about Shultz, he said, "It's unwise to spend our time fighting about personalities." Dole talked tough on foreign policy, but he said he was not going to tell the President whom to keep in his Cabinet.

Kemp's speech apparently worked in a straw poll of 287 delegates. Kemp won 68% of the votes, in contrast to 5% for Dole and 4% each for Bush and Robertson. However, a larger poll taken this month of conservative activists around the country showed Bush marginally ahead, with Kemp and Dole virtually tied for second.

These figures, as well as surveys in the early primary states, show that Kemp still has not united the right wing behind him. As he colors himself in vivid hues of war paint, he also risks scaring off moderate Republicans and independents. But having made so little progress as the advocate of supply-side economics and a return to the gold standard, Kemp does not have much to lose by changing the subject. —By Laurence I. Barrett/Washington

Big John

Drug tests for federal workers

Who can doubt Ronald Reagan's sincerity when he calls for a drug-free America? After all, the President produced a sample of his urine for analysis last year and asked his Cabinet and White House staff to do the same. When he ordered 1 million federal workers in "sensitive" jobs to submit to drug testing, however, he did not explain how it would be administered. The answer came last week, but the complex guidelines seem to create a combination of Big Brother and high school bathroom monitors — a sort of Big John.

Outlined in a 29-page manual, the drug-detection program calls for specially appointed personnel to administer the tests in designated rest rooms. After presenting a photo ID, workers will be asked to remove their coats, and their briefcases and purses will be taken from them before they enter the stalls. Water in the toilets must be dyed blue, lest employees substitute H₂O for their urine. The temperature of the specimens will be tested within four minutes, to make sure that workers are proffering fresh urine rather than "clean" samples they might have purchased.

Those whose samples are rejected for any reason, or whose behavior suggests they might have cheated, will be forced to provide a second specimen "under direct observation." Anyone whose urine shows drug traces will be required to return to the bathroom. If the subsequent exam brings positive results, the guilty will be required to undergo counseling. Workers who refuse as a matter of principle to submit to testing can be dismissed.

The guidelines are effective immediately, but agencies will be given 180 days to determine which jobs are sensitive enough to require testing. Attorney General Edwin Meese, who unveiled the program with Secretary of Health and Human Services Otis Bowen, insisted the procedures were designed to prevent the dismissal of innocent employees. But federal employees' unions denounced the plan as a violation of the Fourth Amendment, which prohibits "unreasonable searches and seizures." Robert Tobias, president of the National Treasury Employees Union, complains that the guidelines imply federal workers are "potential cheats." Says Tobias, whose union has succeeded at least temporarily, in forcing the U.S. Customs Service to halt its drug-testing program: "This is a comic exercise in Ty-Dol justice." ■



Bowen, Meese: complex guidelines



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Adapted from Fagerstrom, K-O. Tolerance, withdrawal and dependence on tobacco and smoking termination. *Int Rev Appl Psychol* 32:29-52, 1983.

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American Notes



The execution chamber in a Texas prison



Hester Prynne: straight A



Landis leaves court with his wife after testifying

DEATH PENALTY

A "Horrifying Lottery"

Conservatives have been pressing for reinstatement of the death penalty for federal crimes such as espionage and assassination of a President ever since the Supreme Court effectively struck it down 15 years ago. Now the Justice Department is lending its weight to the cause. In what critics see as an end run around Congress, U.S. attorneys are urging the U.S. Sentencing Commission to issue guidelines for the use of capital punishment that would be binding on federal judges.

But the opposition is building. Last week, before a session of the commission, Amnesty International USA sternly objected to reinstatement of the penalty. Amnesty Board Member John Shattuck, a professor at Harvard Law School, was asked by the commission's Benjamin Baer if the organization ever advocated the death penalty. No, replied Shattuck. "What would you do with a prisoner who kills a guard?" Baer pressed. Answered Shattuck: "A long prison term might be appropriate."

In *The Death Penalty*, a 245-page study that was published last week, Amnesty characterizes execution in the U.S. as a "horrifying lottery" in which who dies is determined less by the crime than

committed than by politics, money and race. The punishment, according to the report, "remains both arbitrary and discriminatory."

TRIALS

Twilight Zone: The Defense

Prosecutors have taken six months to present their case against Director John Landis (*Animal House*) and others in the trial on involuntary manslaughter and negligence charges stemming from the deaths under a crashing helicopter of Actor Vic Morrow and two children during filming of *Twilight Zone: The Movie* in July 1982. Last week it was the defense's turn. Led by former Watergate Prosecutor James Neal, Landis took the stand. While admitting illegally hiring the child actors, he said no one had told him, nor did he realize, that the fiery scene was dangerous. Asked Neal: "Did you say to the helicopter, 'Lower, lower'?" Replied Landis: "I don't recall saying it. I don't know if I said it or not, but I have no recollection of saying it."

Cracked Deputy District Attorney Lee Purwin D'Agostino: "I think we showed if [Landis] is telling the truth, then the rest of the world is lying." Neal expects to take until April to present his defense, after which the case will go to the jury.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

The Color Scarlet

In Nathaniel Hawthorne's fictional Massachusetts, Hester Prynne wore the scarlet A to beoken her adultery. In 17th century New Hampshire, however, the transgression brought "two sets of 40 lashes" and the letters AD worn on upper garments. Today, adultery in the Granite State can bring a \$1,000 fine or up to a year in prison. Soon it may not be a crime at all. The state house has passed a measure that would decriminalize adultery. If the senate follows suit, Republican Governor John Sununu is expected to sign the bill into law.

The repeal move started in December, when Robert Stackelbeck could not get Merrimack police to arrest his estranged wife's boss, whom he accused of having an affair with his wife. So Stackelbeck gathered evidence and filed a citizen's complaint, the first adultery charge in the state since 1950. His wife's lover was later arraigned and is now awaiting trial. The ruckus made lawmakers look skeptically at the anachronistic law. "You could go so far as to say adultery is wrong," said Republican Representative Michael Jones, author of the decriminalization bill. "But it's not the sort of wrong that we as a society want to punish by criminal imposition." Though

adultery would remain as a ground for divorce, New Hampshire religious groups oppose the bill because they think the law underscores the importance of marital fidelity. At least 15 states seem to agree they still brand adultery a crime.

JUSTICE

From Airports To Courts

The followers of Political Extremist Lyndon LaRouche are usually found in airports distributing literature, but increasingly they are finding themselves in court as well. A federal grand jury in Boston has charged several supporters of the ultraconservative conspiracy theorist with credit-card fraud. Last week a grand jury in Loudoun County, Va., indicted 16 supporters and five groups affiliated with LaRouche, a perennial presidential candidate who lives on an estate in the county. Within hours, police teams had arrested 13 people on charges of selling unregistered securities. According to the prosecution, the groups persuaded people to lend money to the LaRouche cause by offering interest rates as high as 20%, and many of the loans were never repaid. "Lyndon LaRouche," said Dana Scanlon, one of his spokesmen, "views this as the first dirty trick of the 1988 campaign."

World

SOVIET UNION

Wooing The West

Gorbachev uses glitz to push glasnost

It looked for all the world like a Communist version of the old czarist days, when the most fashionable people of European society were entertained in glorious style at the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg. There, amid the winter grayness of Moscow, was a mega-gaggle of the most famous Western cultural and scientific



After the gala in Moscow, the leader calls for reform in Riga: "We've got a lot to do"

notables, appearing about as classy as one can in an avowedly classless society. But their sudden arrival was hardly because of a glitzy jet-set party. Rather, the celebrities were in town for a three-day forum grandly billed as a conference "For a Nuclear-Free World and the Survival of Mankind."

As the event unfolded, it was soon apparent that the brightest star among the throng of nearly 1,000 foreigners and more than 300 Soviets meeting in the Grand Kremlin Palace was Communist Party Leader Mikhail Gorbachev. Indeed, so firmly did Gorbachev stride the event that many observers professed

A Party to Remember

Over there was Norman Mailer chatting with Yoko Ono. Through the lobby strode Gregory Peck wearing a name card. Gregory Peck with a name card? Where are we? Claudia Cardinale was a stunning sight in a tailored black-and-white-striped suit. Peter Ustinov moved grandly about, with all the bearing and intonation of one of his best-known characters, Inspector Hercule Poirot. "I can't believe it," said an awed American tourist as she gawked around the lobby of the Kosmos Hotel. "This could be Hollywood." Or, the way things are these days, it could be Moscow—and, of course, it was.

Celebrity bashes are not the Kremlin's forte, but last week's coming-out party for Mikhail Gorbachev was worthy of *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*. The stars that shone at the glamorous gala ranged from literature (Graham Greene) through economics (John Kenneth Galbraith) to fashion (Pierre Cardin). The only common denominator seemed to be that the guests had world-size reputations and were willing to give a polite hearing to the Kremlin's pitch for peace.

Much serious work was done at dozens of closed sessions, and Actor Peck described the whole event as a "very positive happening." But there was also some serious partying. Between meetings the visitors found time to schmooze and booze with their hosts, take in the sights and visit the Bolshoi and other Moscow theaters. The best place for stargazing was the cavernous marble lobby of the Kosmos Hotel, where Soviet Dissident Andrei Sakharov shuffled between round-table discussions and Poet Yevgeni Yevtushenko appeared one morning in a bright red suit.

Black Volga sedans and Chaika limousines waited outside the three designated hotels to ferry around the visiting VIPs, but many of the stars preferred to trod onto buses in a display of good comradeship.

At one reception Gorbachev shook hands with Yoko Ono and praised the contributions she and her late husband John Lennon had made to the peace movement. Mailer quipped that he had "cemented a peace pact" over dinner with Novelist Gore Vidal, with whom he has frequently feuded. Ustinov complained that a reporter from Radio Luxembourg woke him at 2 a.m. to ask what Gorbachev was going to say in a speech later that day. Everyone feasted on mounds of fresh strawberries—a delicacy virtually unheard of in midwinter Moscow.

Back home in the U.S., meanwhile, the nation was watching endless hours of the television mini-series *Amerika*, in which Kris Kristofferson played the leader of a guerrilla movement opposing Soviet rule of the U.S. And where was Kris himself last week? Why, at the Moscow bash, listening to Gorbachev's speech. What better way to conquer America than with a peace party?



Yoko Ono and Norman Mailer

to be dazzled. Said Novelist Gore Vidal, whose tongue is usually coated with acerbity: "The only interesting political moves in the world right now are being made by Gorbachev. History seems to be moving again, and I want to get a sense of it."

Beyond the glitter, the latest steps in Gorbachev's drive to reform Soviet society produced a mosaic of hopeful and chilling signs. While the Kremlin leader continued to plump for peace and told his visitors that Moscow was sincere in its "new approach to humanitarian problems," the Soviet bureaucracy seemed as stolid as ever. Officials issued confused and conflicting statements about Iosif Begun, an ailing Jewish dissident who at week's end was finally released after a 40-month confinement. As the Begun drama proceeded, perhaps a thousand political prisoners remained in detention in Soviet prisons and psychiatric hospitals.

Gorbachev's blitz continued through the week. The day after his speech to the Moscow forum, the Soviet leader embarked on a tour of the independent-minded Baltic states of Latvia and Estonia. The visit was his first to an ethnic region since last December's Kazakhstan riots (see following story). Accompanied by his wife Raisa and Soviet television crews, Gorbachev waded into a crowd in Riga, the Latvian capital, and told the people, "We've got a lot to do."

Other displays of Gorbachev's new style were evident. In Geneva, Soviet negotiators surprised their U.S. counterparts by offering for the first time to permit on-site inspection of arsenals of chemical weapons. Soviet television carried a frank

documentary of last spring's Chernobyl nuclear disaster that showed villagers being evacuated and was sharply critical of the way the disaster was handled.

Moscow's nonstop diplomatic offensive is creating interest in the West, particularly in Western Europe. In London a Marplan survey suggested that Gorbachev is overtaking an Iran-concern-weakened Ronald Reagan in the battle for public opinion. Among British respondents, 30% said they trusted Reagan more than the Communist boss to end the arms race, vs. 27% who put faith in Gorbachev.

The Soviet leader played adroitly on nuclear fears in an hourlong address to his guests that was punctuated by 19 ovations. Accusing the Reagan Administration of trying to scrap the 1972 Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty by early deployment of a space-based defense system, Gorbachev declared, "When the treaty is annulled, the nuclear arms race will acquire new dimensions, and will be accompanied by an arms race in space." When his call for a ban on space weapons met a muted response, Gorbachev ad-libbed, "I counted on more fervent applause, but that was sufficient." The crowd responded with a prolonged ovation.

The unquestioned co-star of the Moscow forum was Physicist Andrei Sakharov, the Soviet Union's most prominent dissident. Released from seven years of internal exile only last December, Sakharov joined the applause during Gorbachev's talk. In a private session with other scientists, he gave a ten-minute speech in which he called for a "more open and

democratic Soviet Union" and attacked Reagan's Star Wars proposal. "Sakharov looked strong, he was energetic, he was vigorous," said John Holdren, an energy expert from the University of California, Berkeley. "He comes across as tough and as independent-minded as ever."

Not even Sakharov, however, could lend dignity to the bumbling spectacle that Soviet officialdom provided over the release of Jewish Dissident Begun, who was imprisoned in 1983 for disseminating anti-Soviet literature. Just days after police allowed thugs to beat Moscow demonstrators calling for Begun's freedom, Georgi Arbatov, director of the U.S.A. and Canada Institute, announced on CBS's *Face the Nation* that Begun had been freed. Family members immediately protested that the 55-year-old Hebrew teacher remained in Chistopol prison, 500 miles from Moscow. Conceding that the case had remained under review, officials released Begun on Friday, one day after Psychiatrist Anatoli Koryagin was freed.

Though details remain murky, Begun apparently balked at signing what he thought was an admission of guilt before his release. He may have been pardoned without signing a document in which the dissident pledges to refrain from future "anti-Soviet" activity. Sakharov, who was exiled for publicly condemning the 1979 Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, has said that no conditions were attached to his release.

While Gorbachev was acquiring new credentials as a media superstar last week, doubts lingered in many Western circles about what he is doing. In London, Zhores Medvedev, an exiled Soviet biologist and



John Kenneth Galbraith and Peter Ustinov



Cardinal, right, with Soviet actress



Andrei Sakharov with admirers



Gregory Peck with French actress



Gore Vidal



Graham Greene and Yevgeni Yevtushenko



the twin brother of Soviet Historian Roy Medvedev, saw a cynical purpose behind the freeing of dissidents. "The peace conference makes the sudden release of Sakharov and the other political prisoners more explainable," Medvedev said. "It wouldn't have made much sense to have this meeting with so many people in jail."

Indeed, skepticism echoed last week across much of Europe. French Human Rights Minister Claude Malhuret ridiculed the show-business quality of the peace forum. Said he: "I am quite indignant about this big-production film with Gorbachev as the Tarzan of human rights. It is quite astonishing that we can still be had by that kind of staging." Volker Rühe, defense spokesman for West Germany's ruling Christian Democrats, concurred: "The U.S. is making things too easy on Gorbachev. For the moment, he is the master of an empty stage."

In Washington, Reagan Administration officials stressed that the Soviet leader's reform efforts seem to be in earnest, and avoided dashing hopes for better U.S.-Soviet ties. "The Soviets are interested in progress in bilateral relations, and so are we," declared a State Department official. He said the Reagan Administration is considering a request, quietly delivered two weeks ago by Soviet Ambassador Yuri Dubinin, for a joint study of the key issues that divide the two countries.

The most enthusiastic official Western response to Gorbachev came from Hans-Dietrich Genscher, West Germany's Foreign Minister. He has called on the West "to take Mr. Gorbachev and his new policy literally." Genscher last week saw the opportunity for "great, unused possibilities in economic cooperation," adding that Gorbachev's speech showed that "both East and West must understand themselves as a community of survivors."

For all the attention that Gorbachev continues to win abroad, he faces opposition at

home from the grass-roots to the highest political levels. Many workers regard his program as just an attempt to boost productivity by getting them to work harder. For some Soviet workers on multiple shifts, that means leaving the job in the early hours of the morning only to find that buses have stopped running. Many also miss the vodka that is now scarce under antialcoholism edicts that have earned Gorbachev the nickname "Secretary for Mineral Water."

Cynical voices can be heard across the Soviet Union. In Tashkent a 33-year-old construction-project manager named Volodya flatly declared, "Gorbachev's not going to change this country. We don't work very hard, and we can't be forced to work hard." By contrast, in Tallinn, the capital of Estonia, a 35-year-old singer offered the opinion that Gorbachev's reform effort "just doesn't go far enough" and compared it to a "small bulldozer scraping away at Mount Everest."

Zhenya, a Samarkand factory hand, offered a similar assessment: "Only a very small number of people have been affected by the changes under Gorbachev—the intellectuals in Moscow and a few managers who have been charged with corruption." A Moscow construction worker

agreed: "Gorbachev's got big problems. If he wants people to work harder, he's got to reward them with higher pay. But just giving people more money won't be enough, because there's nothing to buy."

Gorbachev also faces troubles within the party. While he has threatened to crack down on money-losing factories and thus throw people out of work, some opponents regard that as breaking a fundamental rule of socialism. Says Martin McCauley, a veteran Kremlin watcher who is a professor at the University of London: "Gorbachev is first among equals, but he's not a dictator. He has to fight for his policies." Notes Arthur Hartman, the departing U.S. Ambassador in Moscow: "This is not an easy society to shape in any way. You can imagine in this society that there are people who have benefited from the status quo, who want to continue to benefit from it."

Gorbachev, though, seems determined. He underscored that two weeks ago, when he told a group of senior Soviet journalists, "If the [Central Committee] plenary meeting had convened and arrived at the conclusion that reconstruction does not justify itself and it should be rejected, I would have said, 'I cannot work otherwise.'

With so much activity going on in the Soviet Union, the watchword of many Western experts remains caution. "We must exercise a double vigilance," says French Foreign Minister Jean-Bernard Raimond, who was Ambassador to Moscow from late 1985 until early last year. "On the one hand, we must be watchful for everything that is new and not assume that nothing is going to change in the Soviet Union. On the other hand, we must make sure that we do not succumb to illusions or make concessions costly to the interests of the West."

—By John Greenwald,
Reported by Jordan Bonfante/Paris
and Ken Olsen/Moscow



What Really Happened in Alma-Ata

A visit to the scene of last year's minority riots in Kazakhstan

A startling bulletin was issued from the headquarters of TASS, the official Soviet news agency, just before Christmas last year: students had rioted in Alma-Ata, the capital of the Soviet republic of Kazakhstan, during the previous day and night. Cars and a food store were burned, TASS said, and townspersons had been "insulted." Never before had the Soviets, who blamed the protests on "nationalist elements," reported such violence so frankly and promptly. The revelation was seen as another sign of Mikhail Gorbachev's campaign for glasnost, or openness. Still, Western journalists have long been barred from Alma-Ata—until last week. Flying to the city with eleven other reporters, TIME Moscow Bureau Chief James O. Jackson pieced together a firsthand account of the violence in Alma-Ata and its ambiguous aftermath. His report.

Few physical traces remain from last December's rioting at the place where it began, a bleak expanse of concrete aptly named Brezhnev Square. Three officers in a yellow-and-blue militia bus keep watch over the few cars and pedestrians passing through on an icy evening. Club-carrying civilian police auxiliaries patrol nearby streets where, on the night and morning of Dec. 17-18, mobs of Kazakh youths smashed windows and torched cars. In some parts of the square, new trees have been planted, apparently to replace those damaged by demonstrators.

But if the physical damage from the night of rioting has been repaired, psychological scars remain. "There was quite a bit of tension between Russians and Kazakhs afterward," said a Kazakh schoolteacher. Young ethnic Russians were openly resentful of the demonstrators and, in some cases, of Kazakhs generally. "They didn't like it when Kunaev got thrown out," said one Russian student. "They got everything without working, through their relatives and cronies."

Dinmukhamed Kunaev, 75, had ruled the republic's Communist Party for a quarter of a century until he was deposed and disgraced at a Dec. 16 plenum of the party Central Committee. His removal and the decision to replace him with an ethnic Russian from outside Kazakhstan, Gennadi Kolbin, party leader from Ulyanovsk province, set off the demonstrations the following day. According to officials in Alma-Ata, the demonstrators were angered not so much by Kunaev's dismissal as by the decision to replace him with an outsider, Russian or not. But the motives may have run deeper than that. Prime Minister Nursultan Nazarbaev, a Kazakh who rose to the premiership when Kunaev was in power,

said that some demonstrators shouted slogans like "Kazakhstan for Kazakhs" and attacked non-Kazakhs on the streets. "It was a manifestation of nationalism—we are not trying to get around that," he said. But he insisted many demonstrators were motivated by resentment resulting from Kunaev's frequent assertions that Kazakhstan was the bountiful provider of meat, bread and steel for the rest of the

ously stated. Both died from head injuries, but the officials did not specify whether the injuries were caused by rioters' stones or policemen's clubs. An additional 200 were injured, Nazarbaev said, and 100 were "detained." Of those, three were sentenced to prison terms of up to five years, and another 28 are "under investigation."

The size of the disturbances hardly measured up to recent student unrest in Paris, Seoul, Madrid or Shanghai. Nonetheless, they were deeply troubling to a Kremlin regime that rules over a vast patchwork of nearly 100 nationalities, ranging from the European-minded Lithuanians to the Asian-oriented Kazakhs, who are of predominantly Muslim heritage. The Soviet Union is held together by a ramshackle, Russian-dominated central bureaucracy that is ever fearful that nationalist outbreaks could spread. Moscow was therefore quick to punish not only those who participated in the riots but the officials who failed to prevent them.

The students were hardly back in their dormitories before Politburo Member Mikhail Solomentsev was dispatched to Alma-Ata to dress down party officials and order changes. "We are all apologizing," a young government official ruefully commented when asked how things had been going since the riots. "We are cleaning things up."

The cleanup is more like a purge. The republic's former leadership has undergone scathing criticism for inefficiency, nepotism, corruption and high living. Scores of officials have been dismissed from office, including many of those responsible for education. The minister for higher education was fired last week, and Kunaev's brother Askar was ousted as president of the Kazakhstan Academy of Sciences. The head of the republic's Communist youth organization has also been ousted. In addition, teachers are being reprimanded for not keeping students under control. But if the Kremlin was quick to punish, it was also quick to placate. The Politburo's Solomentsev paid highly publicized visits to stores, markets and housing complexes to hear citizens' complaints about food shortages and poor housing. "Before Dec. 18 there was nothing in the shops," said a Kazakh. "There were shortages of meat, milk, cheese, everything. But in three days, suddenly, the shops were full." A special effort was made to provide adequate supplies of good-quality mutton, beloved by the Kazakhs, who do not eat pork because of Muslim dietary rules.

Ordinary Alma-Atans were pleased with the change. Soviet officials might take pause, however, to consider why they were pleased. One young man at the city's central market, marveling at the newfound abundance, quipped that maybe they should have a demonstration every year.



Miners play a vital role in the republic's economy
Following the melee, a cleanup that is more like a purge

country, with the implication that it was getting too little in return.

There was more death and damage in Alma-Ata than was at first reported in the Soviet media. According to Nazarbaev and Interior Minister Grigory Knyazev, up to 3,000 youths participated in the demonstrations, significantly more than the "several hundred" reported in the Soviet press. They also said that two people were killed, a student and an auxiliary policeman, not one, as previously reported.





Needed respite from a long siege: battered ruins in the Shatila refugee camp last week

LEBANON

Bloody Battle for West Beirut

As rival militias clash, Syria moves to restore order

During twelve years of civil war, foreign correspondents came to rely on the Commodore Hotel in West Beirut as a respite from the turmoil around them. Feuding militia leaders held press conferences there, and a string of hopeful peace envoys were among its guests. The Commodore's lively bar was renowned throughout the Middle East as a meeting place for those passing through Beirut. It was also the home of a parrot whose uncannily accurate imitation of an incoming artillery shell foisted more than a few newly arrived reporters. While cross fire occasionally damaged the aging seven-story edifice, managed to remain open for business.

Last week the Commodore's luck ran out. The hotel became a killing ground in the bitter, fierce struggle between two Syrian-backed groups, the Shi'ite Amal militia and a leftist coalition of Druze militiamen and fighters of the pro-Soviet Lebanese Communist Party. At mid-week, after an all-night battle, the Druze, lobbing grenades and delivering armor-piercing rockets, stormed the hotel and drove the Shi'ites out. The floors and walls of the lobby were stained with blood, and gaping holes made by rockets scarred its walls. By the time the last guests and employees had fled—none, miraculously, were hurt—looters were already at work stripping the building of everything from television sets to vacuum cleaners.

The sudden outbreak of fighting for control of Muslim West Beirut's commercial district was the worst to hit the area in three years. By week's end more than 200 people had been killed and some 400 wounded. Thousands more had been forced to go without food and water for

days as gunmen fought pitched battles around them. Hostilities eased briefly late in the week as 4,000 Syrian troops, backed by hundreds of tanks and armored personnel carriers, massed in the nearby Chouf Mountains awaiting the order to move into West Beirut. Their mission: to enforce a cease-fire among Syria's feuding clients, one that might extend south all the way to the port city of Sidon. The sudden mobilization promised to become the largest Syrian presence in Beirut since before the 1982 Israeli invasion. "Save Beirut from this inferno," pleaded Lebanese Prime Minister Rashid Karame. Tank and artillery fire on downtown streets prevented fire trucks from reaching dozens of burning buildings in the Hamra district, which includes the Commodore and the American University of Beirut. West Beirut's once fashionable main thoroughfare, Rue Hamra, where the city's upper crust could buy anything from French perfume to Cuban cigars, was reduced to a smoke-filled war zone. Declared a retired Lebanese Army colonel: "It is a fight to the finish."

By the end of the week the Druze and the Communists, who had renewed an old alliance just last month, had the upper hand. They had pushed the Amal out of Hamra and the low-income Sunni Muslim district of Zarif and had begun shelling Shi'ite gunmen occupying the state television station in the Tallet Khayyat district, on the southern edge of West Beirut.

As the fighting continued, the big losers were clearly the Syrians. Damascus has 30,000 soldiers in northern Lebanon and the Bekaa Valley. Initial pleas by the Damascus government for a ceasefire were ignored. At one point, Amal Leader Nabih Berri ordered his men to "stand fast. Fight until victory or martyrdom."

Prime Minister Karame led a Lebanese delegation that was summoned to Damascus, along with Druze Warlord Walid Jumblatt, to discuss a truce with Berri and Syrian President Hafez Assad. Despite Assad's resolve to send in troops, fast-moving events raised fresh doubts about his ability to control the warring militias, much less impose a wider peace in Lebanon. In the meantime, Lebanese police and 500 Syrian commandos in the city patrolled buffer zones between the combatants, as sporadic firefights made a mockery of the cease-fire.

The new fighting apparently forced Amal to withdraw many of its gunmen who had been laying siege to Palestinian refugee camps in the southern Beirut suburbs. Since October, Amal has blockaded the camps, preventing food and medicine from getting through, and in recent weeks the residents have been reduced to eating dogs, cats and rats to survive. During the past two weeks Amal allowed United Nations workers to drive in truckloads of food for the beleaguered refugees.

In the past, the Druze and Communist militias have had close ties to Yasser Arafat's Palestine Liberation Organization, whose fighters have aided in clashes with Christian militias. Thus Amal's siege of the Palestinians in the camps was opposed by the two groups, but tensions between the Druze and Shi'ites apparently

were exacerbated by the presumed abduction last month of Anglican Envoy Terry Waite by pro-Iranian Shi'ite radicals. Waite, who was attempting to negotiate the release of some of the 24 foreign hostages held in Lebanon, vanished after he insisted that his Druze bodyguards leave him alone with his Shi'ite interlocutors.

As Beirut burned, there were few voices of sanity. Minister of Education Selim Hoss called for the resignation of Karame's ten-member national government, "because we are all failures." Said he: "It is time for the blood-shedding gunmen to listen to the unarmed honest citizen, on whose behalf I say, 'No to all militias'." Indeed, even the looming Syrian military intervention represented the addition of just one more volatile factor in the violent maelstrom that has brought Lebanon's tattered identity as a nation another step closer to extinction. —By Michael S. Serrill. Reported by David S. Jackson/Cairo



On guard: an Amal sniper

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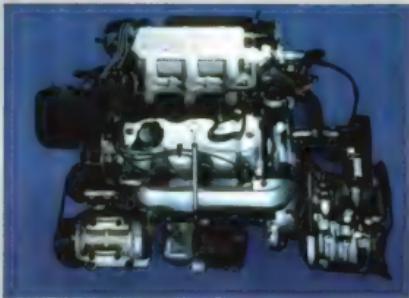
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World



Dredging up a murky past: Are Defendant Demjanjuk and "Ivan the Terrible" the same man?

ISRAEL

Trial by Bitter Recollection

The horrors of Treblinka come back to life in Jerusalem

The bald, bull-necked man in the dock sat impassively at the edge of his chair listening intently. Ukrainian-born John Demjanjuk, 66, a retired Ohio auto mechanic, was on trial in Jerusalem for operating gas chambers and murdering and torturing victims at Treblinka, the infamous Nazi extermination camp in eastern Poland where at least 850,000 Jews were killed in 1942 and '43. It was Israel's first war-crimes trial since Adolf Eichmann was convicted and executed a quarter-century ago. At issue, however, was not the horrors committed at Treblinka by the Ukrainian guard known as "Ivan the Terrible" but whether he and Demjanjuk are the same man.

No one disputes that Demjanjuk was drafted into the Soviet army in 1940, captured in the Crimea by the Germans in May 1942 and sent to a prisoner-of-war camp in Chelm, Poland. From there the trail becomes murky. According to Defense Attorney Mark O'Connor, Demjanjuk was then transferred to the pro-Nazi, anti-Communist Ukrainian National Liberation Army, and after the war was put in a displaced-persons camp. When he secured a visa to enter the U.S. in 1951, he concealed his military record and claimed to have spent the war years as a forced laborer for the Germans.

Demjanjuk settled in the Ukrainian community in Parma, Ohio, and became a U.S. citizen. He raised a family and worked as an engine mechanic at the Ford plant in Cleveland. In 1981, after the Soviets produced an old ID card in response to a Justice Department query about Demjanjuk's war record, the U.S. revoked his citizenship. Last year it allowed him to be extradited to Israel to face trial on murder charges.

Prosecutor Michael Shaked presented

an altogether different story about Demjanjuk's past. From the POW camp in Chelm, Shaked maintains, Demjanjuk was transferred to Trawniki, an SS center used for training guards to work in the concentration camps, and then to Treblinka, where he served between October 1942 and September 1943. The prosecution's primary exhibit is ID card 1393, made out in Demjanjuk's name and supposedly issued at the Trawniki training center. The defense contends that the card is a forgery by the Soviet KGB as part of an effort to harass the Ukrainian community in the U.S.

The case is further complicated by uncertainty about the fate of the real-life "Ivan." Three of Treblinka's 100 or more Ukrainian guards were killed in an abortive uprising at the camp in August 1943. Several escapees, including the late Avraham Goldfarb, have said that Ivan was among them. Last week, however, Prosecution Witness Yitzhak Arad, the director of Jerusalem's Yad Vashem Holocaust memorial, testified that Goldfarb had not seen Ivan's body and that he himself had been unable to verify Ivan's death.

At the heart of the case, as it unfolds before a three-judge tribunal in a converted movie theater in Jerusalem, is the reliability of human memory. Photographs, maps and records were all burned by the Germans after they razed Treblinka in late 1943. As many as a dozen survivors of Treblinka have previously been unable to identify Demjanjuk as Ivan from photographs. Nonetheless, the prosecution says, it will present five of the camp's survivors who are prepared to identify John Demjanjuk as the demonic killer. The first of these eyewitnesses is expected to testify this week.

By William E. Smith.

Reported by Marlin Levin/Jerusalem

IRELAND

Hollow Victory

An election without a winner

A dense fog hung over Kilkenny's main street as a cold but patient crowd waited an hour for their candidate. When Fianna Fail Leader Charles Haughey, 61, finally appeared, neither damp nor gloom could muffle the cheers. Jumping from his car and springing into his campaign bus, the gray-haired Haughey apologized for his tardiness, then pledged, "It'll take more fog to stop Fianna Fail this time around."

Haughey (pronounced *How-hee*) was almost right. In last week's Irish election the Fianna Fail (Soldiers of Destiny) party won 44.1% of the vote, giving it 81 seats in the 166-member Dáil Eireann, or House of Representatives. But that was three short of an absolute majority, thus forcing the Republic of Ireland into a period of minority government. Ruling by compromise will be difficult for the autocratic Haughey, who has won the nickname "the Boss."

Elections took place ten months ahead of schedule after the coalition government of Garret Fitzgerald collapsed last month. The fall of the Cabinet was precipitated by Fitzgerald's attempt to tackle the country's economic problems through deep cuts in social spending. Rather than accept the reductions, four ministers walked out of the coalition.

The economy was the issue in a campaign of mostly familiar faces. Fitzgerald and Haughey have each served as Prime Minister twice. Nearly 20% of the country's workers are unemployed, taxes are the most onerous in Western Europe, and the national debt is a staggering \$33 billion. While Fitzgerald and his Fine Gael (Family of Irish) party called for belt tightening, Haughey used the gift of gab, refusing to commit himself to cuts and promising vaguely to stimulate growth. Nonetheless, Haughey, the strong front runner throughout the four-week campaign, stressed that coalition governments are weak and entreated voters to give him a strong majority.

Haughey will probably form a minority government with the help of a few independents. Neither of the two largest parties, Fitzgerald's Fine Gael, which holds 51 seats, or the Progressive Democratic Party, which won 14 seats, is expected to block Haughey's plans as long as he holds down government spending. The cobbled-together government, however, will not have the authority to solve Ireland's pressing economic troubles. ■



Charles Haughey

World

CANADA

How to Track a Plummeting Star

Surrounded by scandal, Mulroney hangs on for his political life

Getting excited is a Canadian habit at budget time. So it was hardly surprising last week when people from Newfoundland to British Columbia stopped everything to discuss how the government's new \$92 billion budget would affect their pocketbooks. In his budget message in Ottawa's Neo-Gothic House of Commons, Finance Minister Michael Wilson announced an 8.4% decrease in Canada's \$24 billion national deficit, crowed about the country's improved economic outlook and promised a tax-reform program that would lower personal taxes. Wilson had barely finished announcing the good news when most Canadians yawned and turned their attention back to the question that has really preoccupied them lately: How much longer can Prime Minister Brian Mulroney and his scandal-ridden Conservative government hold out?

In 1984 Mulroney and the Progressive Conservative party capitalized on public disillusionment with the Liberal government of former Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau to score the greatest victory in Canadian political history, capturing 211 of Commons' 282 seats and sending the Liberals into opposition. Since then, Mulroney's star has plummeted steadily. Many Canadians now predict that the Prime Minister, who must call national elections by September 1989, will be swept from power in a defeat every bit as dramatic as his earlier triumph. "I don't doubt for a moment that we will be defeated in the next election," said a gloomy Tory backbencher last week. "My only concern is that we will be destroyed as a party."

After three years the Mulroney government has yet to demonstrate it can effectively lead the country, run the government or keep its promises to curb the kind of corruption that helped finish off the Liberals. Mulroney, 47, has surrounded himself with friends chosen for loyalty rather than expertise. He has never developed or articulated a national agenda for Canada or shown himself to have a tight grip on the reins of government. Although Canada's growth rate of 3.3% for the past two years is second only to that of Japan, the government has problems. Time after time, major decisions, like a highly publicized promise to restructure Canada's tax system, have been delayed.

Mulroney has been unable to con-

vince Canadians, who are skeptical about U.S. intentions toward their country, that he enjoys a "special relationship" with President Reagan. The Prime Minister disappointed Canadians when he returned to Ottawa from the 1985 Shamrock Summit in Quebec City without a U.S. commitment to help clean up acid rain. Though he managed last spring to get American agreement to discuss a free-



Out in the electoral cold: the Prime Minister arrives at Parliament. The question is: How long can the Tory government hold out?

trade treaty between the two countries, many Canadians feel that both he and his government have been too quick to knuckle under to the U.S. on matters such as lumber and steel exports. In short, they question whether Reagan, who will meet the Prime Minister in Ottawa in April, takes Mulroney seriously.

What has hurt Mulroney the most has been a steady stream of scandals involving members of his government. Mulroney had barely taken office when then Defense Minister Robert Coates was forced to resign after an Ottawa newspaper revealed that he had visited a West German strip club and shared a drink with an "exotic dancer." Eight months later Mulroney's Fisheries Minister was forced out for allowing tainted tuna to be

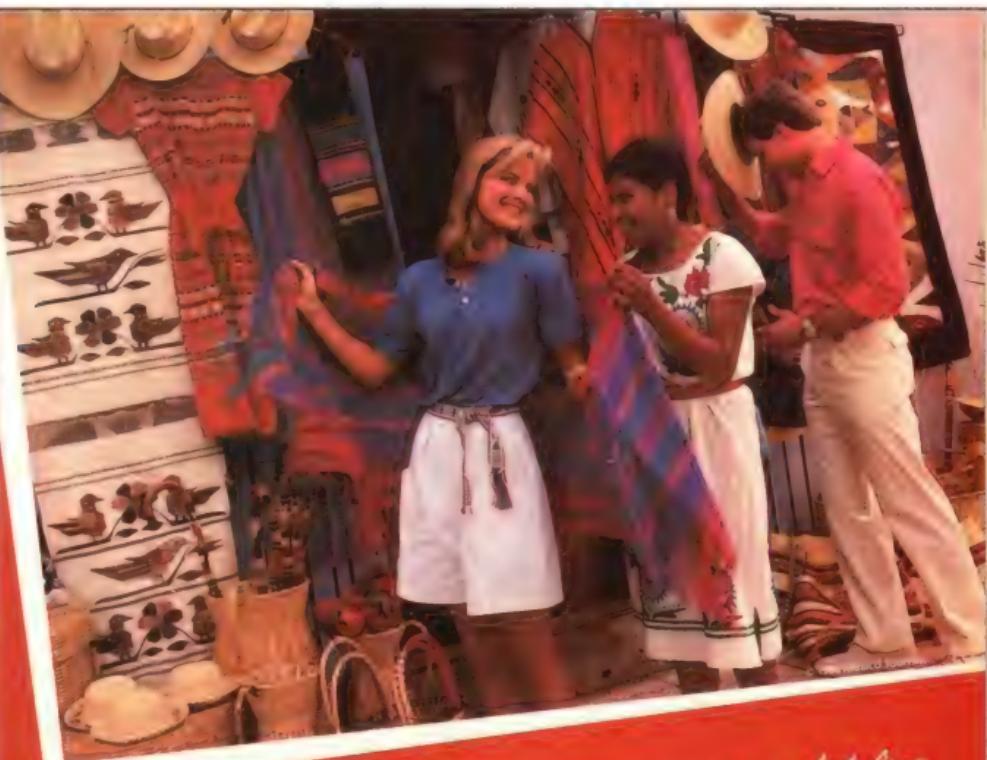
sold to Canadian consumers. Mulroney's Communications Minister resigned from the Cabinet while the Royal Canadian Mounted Police looked into irregularities in his campaign spending, then returned after he was cleared.

The improprieties have continued. Early last month Junior Transportation Minister Andre Bissonnette became the sixth member of Mulroney's Cabinet to resign under fire, quitting after he was implicated in a land deal that saw the value of a piece of Quebec real estate triple in eleven days. A fortnight ago several Quebec Conservatives were implicated in an influence-peddling case involving government contracts. A seventh Cabinet member, Minister of State Roch LaSalle, resigned last week after it was revealed that he had been the guest of honor at a dinner at which guests paid \$5,000 apiece for the privilege of meeting him. And Mulroney has been accused of violating his own guidelines for avoiding conflict of interest by complaining about a lawsuit against one of his advisers in a call to his lawyer.

The Liberals and the minority New Democratic Party have turned the daily question period in the House of Commons into an opportunity to attack Mulroney. Says Liberal M.P. John Nunziata: "This government has lost the moral right to govern." Still, the Liberals, led by M.P. John Turner, have no program of their own and are struggling to find one. The Prime Minister has attempted to play down the seriousness of some charges by saying, "Everyone knows the Liberals did worse." He has also lashed out at the parliamentary press corps: "This press is chasing its tail every day." Mulroney charged recently, "By God, don't let the facts get in the way of a better story."

Mulroney's fighting words have not reassured party regulars, many of whom see disaster ahead. A survey conducted earlier this month by Angus Reid Associates in Toronto suggests there is ample reason for concern: Mulroney's Conservatives now enjoy the backing of only 23% of Canadian voters, compared with a 50% favorable rating just before the September 1984 election. If an election were to be held now, the Liberals, with 42% support, would form Canada's next government, and the New Democrats, with 33%, would become the opposition. Mulroney, who is expected to conduct a second shuffle of his Cabinet and a purge of some of his closest aides within the next few weeks, may yet be able to stop the slide and turn the Tories around. But the Prime Minister and his party are plainly on the run.

By Peter Stoler/Ottawa



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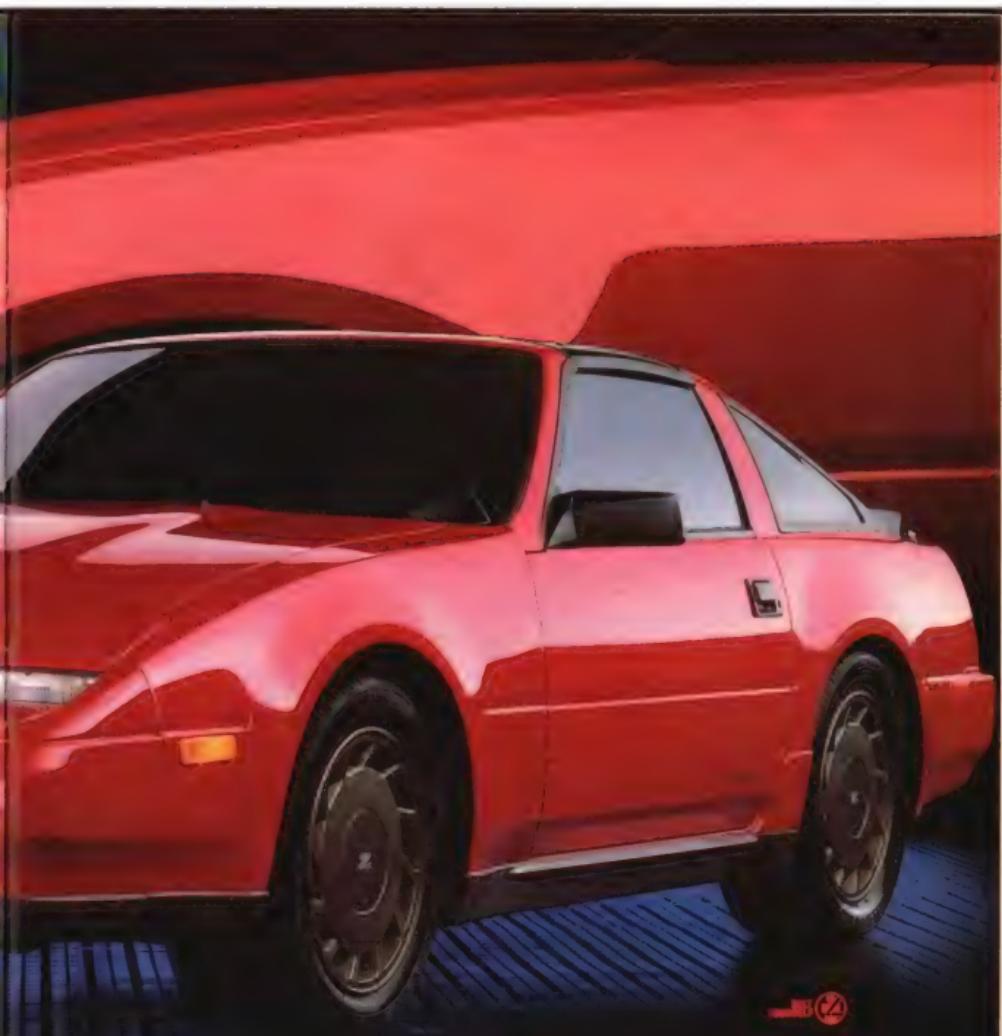
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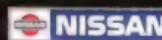
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World

SOUTH AFRICA

The Red and the Black

Questions about a Communist role in the liberation movement

As the leading opponent of South Africa's system of racial apartheid, the African National Congress has become the embodiment of the hopes and aspirations of the country's blacks. Yet even some of apartheid's opponents harbor lingering reservations about the ANC, mainly because of its longstanding and unapologetic ties to Communists. ANC President Oliver Tambo has repeatedly said he does not know or care how many members of his national executive committee are party members. As the ANC's critics see it, the organization runs the danger of becoming, wittingly or not, the vehicle through which Communism could eventually gain power in any change of government in South Africa. Exhibit A for this argument is usually Joe Slovo, 60, a man whose prominent shock of wiry gray hair supports many hats. A lawyer by training, he became in 1985 the first white to serve on the executive committee of the ANC, whose dedication to the abolition of apartheid has made the organization illegal in South Africa. Slovo is also chief of staff in the ANC's military wing, *Umkhonto we Sizwe* (Spear of the Nation), a position that puts him in the cockpit of the ANC's campaign of terrorism.

But the hats do not stop there. Slovo is also chairman of the South African Communist Party and is believed by some Western intelligence agencies to have close ties to the KGB, the Soviet secret police. Slovo has called that claim "part of a misinformation campaign" waged against him by South African security forces. But there is little doubt that his involvement with Moscow, if not formal, is at least fervent. Says Craig Williamson, a former South African security agent who infiltrated the party from 1971 to 1980: "Slovo



Chairman Joe Slovo: Exhibit A for the critics
"Down the line and utterly dedicated."

is the classic South African Communist that the Soviets like—tough, down the line, disciplined and utterly dedicated."

In a rare interview with *TIME* last week, Slovo spoke freely of the unity of purpose between the ANC and the Communist Party. Said he: "There are no differences in our common objective to destroy racism and to achieve a united democratic South Africa." But, he added, South Africa's Communists make no secret of their conviction that a democratic revolution will eventually lead to a second, socialist phase. Any suggestion that the ANC serves as a Soviet puppet, however, Slovo insists is a "slanderous insult."

Slovo, a native of Lithuania whose parents emigrated to South Africa in 1935, exemplifies the connections that have grown up over the years between the ANC and the country's Communists. He joined the party before it was declared illegal in 1950 and helped write the Freedom Charter, the document that in 1955 became the ANC's political program.

Slovo was accused of sabotage in 1963 in the same trial that resulted in lifetime prison sentences for Nelson Mandela and five other ANC leaders, but Slovo had managed to flee South Africa a month before the others were arrested. He has lived in exile ever since. In 1982, his wife Ruth First, also a prominent Communist, was killed by a parcel bomb allegedly planted by Pretoria's agents.

In the U.S., the question of the Communist role in the ANC has lately become more than an academic matter. In the debate last summer concerning economic sanctions against South Africa, North Carolina Senator Jesse Helms charged that the ANC, which favored the punitive measures, was "the chief instrument of the Communist movement today in South Africa." While the sanctions bill passed, it contained a stipulation, inserted at Helms' insistence, requiring the State Department to study the matter further. The department report, released in January, found that the South African Communist Party's influence within the ANC is indeed considerable and estimated that as many as 21 of the 30 members of the ANC's executive committee also belong to the party. The study concluded, "The SACP continues to view its historical alliance with the ANC as its main hope for winning power in South Africa."

Others are less certain as to who is using whom. In an article in the latest issue of *Foreign Affairs*, Thomas G. Karis, a professor of political science at the City University of New York, concedes that in the past, ANC leaders placed heavy reliance on Communist support because, as Mandela once said, "Communists were the only political group ... who were prepared to eat with us, talk with us, live with us and work with us." But Karis points out that in recent years the ANC has established ties with non-Communist groups, notably the 500,000-member Congress of South African Trade Unions. Karis maintains that the ANC's anticapitalist outbursts are not as surprising as its enduring hopes for support from the West. "Despite much of its rhetoric," he says, "the ANC historically, politically and culturally is more attuned to the U.S. and the West than it is to the Soviet bloc." While not even ANC officials claim they are close to gaining power in South Africa, the distant prospects of an ANC-sponsored coalition in which the Communists hold a share of power is not attractive. Yet Secretary of State George Shultz, no friend of Communism, has conceded that the ANC has "emerged as an important part of the South African political equation" that must be acknowledged. In January he met with President Tambo in Washington. But as long as the ANC fails to put more distance between its agenda and that of its Communist associates, the U.S. will watch the black liberation movement warily. —By William R. Doerner, Reported by Peter Hawthorne/Johannesburg



Young recruits pass a mural of Ruth First at an African National Congress camp in Tanzania



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World Notes



Hanging in there: Pham Van Dong



\$60,000 pad: classy broom closet



Together: Gaddafi and visiting Soviet, right

VIET NAM

Who's Minding The Store?

Life has been tense in the Vietnamese government's top echelons lately. In June eight members were sacked for botching economic reforms. Last week Radio Hanoi announced the largest reshuffle since the Communist Party took control of the country in 1975. A dozen ministers were "relieved" of their positions.

More changes are likely. Prime Minister Pham Van Dong and President Truong Chinh, both 80, were due to retire last December but have held on to their posts. Observed Thai Quong Trung, a Vietnamese scholar: "There are new ministers, but who is in charge? Nobody knows."

POLAND

Let the Vodka Flow Freely

Relations between Poland and the United States have been strained since General Wojciech Jaruzelski's government declared martial law in 1981. Last week President Reagan lifted the last of the economic sanctions he imposed five years ago against the Warsaw regime. The measures and Poland's own economic mismanagement had nearly halved U.S. imports of

Polish goods, such as vodka and canned ham. Reagan praised Warsaw's more tolerant attitude toward the Catholic Church and political prisoners, hundreds of whom have been freed since martial law was ended in 1983. Both the church and the banned Solidarity trade-union movement pressed for the U.S. action as an important symbolic gesture. Warsaw, said a spokesman, was pleased "that the unlawful restrictions are being lifted."

BRITAIN

Tiny 1 BR, Silver Vu

Housing is dear in London, but \$60,000 for a broom closet? That was the asking price for a 5½-ft. by 11-ft. room on Princes Court opposite Harrods department store in the affluent Knightsbridge section of the city. Though the cubicle had indeed been a broom closet, it was gussied up with a concealed kitchen sink, Laura Ashley wallpaper and a tiny window.

The astonishing price tag drove home just how superheated London's upscale residential-property market has become. The reason: a recent influx of cash-rich foreigners, mostly notably Arabs and Americans, and well-paid fugitives from the so-called "stockbroker belt" south of London who want to reduce the time they spend commut-

ing to and from their offices in the city's revitalized financial district. An offer to buy the \$60,000 closet was made by a woman who was weary of commuting to the capital from a bedroom suburb, but the wave of publicity caused her to withdraw her bid. Explained her real estate agent: "She is a very shy lady and wants to keep out of the public eye." So, it seems, did the owners of the teensy pad, who at week's end decided to take it off the market for an unspecified time.

LIBYA

Try This for TV Violence?

The usual TV fare of movies and soccer was abruptly interrupted by the macabre image of six hooded Libyans with nooses around their necks, perched atop stools. As horrified Libyan viewers watched last week, executioners moved down the line of the doomed, kicking over the stools. The state-run TV also showed three soldiers as they were shot to death by firing squads.

The victims were accused of belonging to an extreme antigovernment Muslim fundamentalist group said to have plotted to assassinate selected Soviet advisers in Libya and members of Colonel Muammar Gaddafi's revolutionary committees. Exiled Libyans, however, claim the soldiers were executed for taking part

in a mutiny protesting against Gaddafi's recent armed intervention in Chad.

WEST GERMANY

Ayatullah You, NO Panties

As 20 million West Germans watched, a solemn Ayatullah Khomeini opened his arms to address a crowd of the faithful. The aged cleric was met by a hearty round of... pants and bras tossed his way by impassioned women admirers. The 14-second TV skit, part of a popular satirical review, irked at least one viewer: Mohammed Javad Salari, Iran's ambassador to Bonn, who denounced the spoof as "insulting." Within days, Tehran had expelled two West German diplomats, closed down its consulates in West Germany for 24 hours and demanded an apology from the Bonn government.

West German officials, concerned the Iranians might spurn a request to help secure the release of two West German hostages in Lebanon, tried to mollify Tehran by explaining that West German TV programming is beyond government control. That, noted Bonn officials, was met with "limited understanding." The show's host, Rudi Carrell, first reacted lightheartedly to the Iranians' fit of pique, then contritely allowed that "my intention was not to annoy anyone."

Religion

Hour of Decision for Women Priests

The Church of England considers the ordination of females

Hardworking and attentive, Anthea Williams, 37, rises early every weekday morning to tend to the spiritual needs of the parishioners of Christ Church in Maidstone, a small town in southeast England. She baptizes babies, conducts funerals, comforts the sick in their homes and in hospital beds, and leads her congregation in prayer in the small, modern brick church. But as a woman, she is forbidden to celebrate the rite of Holy Communion for her flock of 40 parishioners. That central act of worship can be performed only by male clerics in the Church of England, who occasionally neglect even to show up for services. Says Williams: "If I don't have someone there on Sundays to celebrate Communion, I can't do anything. For the parish, it's very frustrating to say the least."

Such disappointments may soon end for Williams and the 700 other deaconesses, or nonordained ministers, serving in the 27 million-member Church of England, the "mother church" of the worldwide Anglican Communion. On Feb. 6 the church's bishops issued a report endorsing the ordination of women. The study's purpose: to simplify the complicated and divisive process that may authorize female clergy for the Church of England by the early 1990s and to soften any disruptions in church life that such an action would cause.

This week the General Synod, the church's legislative body, which is composed of three houses (bishops, clergy and laity), will vote on the issue. Women make up almost 20% of the synod and, taking into account the bishops' support for female ordination, approval is virtually certain. The move would further fuel a controversy that has raged in the church since the campaign for women priests began gathering strength twelve years ago. Seven of the 28 provinces that form the 70 million-member worldwide Anglican Communion, including churches in the U.S. and Canada, have opened the ranks of the priesthood to women, but the parent church has so far been reluctant to take that step.

Within the Evangelical, or Low Church branch of the Church of England, some biblical literalists oppose women clergy because of the belief that the Scriptures forbid women's holding authority over men. But the most determined opposition has come from the High Church, or Anglo-Catholic wing, which is close to Roman Catholicism in many of its beliefs, traditions and rituals. The focus for this re-

sistance is the outspoken Bishop of London, the Rt. Rev. Graham Leonard, 65. Anglo-Catholics concur with Roman Catholic teaching that creating women priests would violate the intentions of Jesus Christ and would deviate from an unbroken church practice of ordaining only men. Bishop Leonard has collected 18,000 signatures from conservative Anglicans.



Deaconess Anthea Williams in front of Christ Church
A very frustrating situation for the parish.

some of whom say they might follow him into an independent schismatic church if the Church of England approves female priests. Proponents of ordination for women call this stand "blackmail." Says Margaret Webster, executive secretary of the Movement for the Ordination of Women: "They made those threats before women



Bishop Leonard

Archbishop Runcie

were ordained in the American Episcopal Church, but few people actually left."

The General Synod requested the bishops' report last summer when its own efforts to solve the knotty problem proved futile. This month's document recommends an interim period of unspecified length for adjustment to women's performing priests' duties. During that time, no diocese or parish would be forced to accept a female priest. But after that, any communicant wishing to remain in the church must accept the reality of a mixed clergy. The bishops admit the possibility that some conscientious objectors may never be reconciled to the changes and may choose to leave and form their own church.

Not all the complications arising from ordaining women will be internal. Ecumenical discussions aimed at unifying Anglicans and Roman Catholics, who have been separated since King Henry VIII cut ties with Rome in 1534, may be jeopardized after 20 years of cautious discussions. Two years ago Pope John Paul II wrote to Archbishop Robert Runcie of Canterbury, spiritual leader of the Anglican Communion, warning that the "increase in the number of Anglican churches which admit, or are preparing to admit, women to priestly ordination" is an "increasingly serious obstacle" to reconciliation.

Perhaps the most alarming prospect for Anglican conservatives after the authorization of female priests is the logical next step: women bishops. The Episcopal Church, the U.S. branch of Anglicanism, is expected to ordain a woman bishop within the next five years. Leonard warns that if the Church of England should recognize a female bishop anywhere in the Anglican world, all pretensions to orthodoxy would vanish and he could not continue as a member.

For many like Anne Jennings, a deaconess at St. Andrew's Church in Manchester, the ordination of women is simply a matter of "regarding women as equal in the eyes of God." Others, such as Arthur Leggatt, general secretary of the conservative Church Union, an organization of Anglo-Catholics, insists that the Scriptures authorizes only males as priests. Says Leggatt: "Christ himself chose men and men only to be his apostles." But in an institution whose very existence is threatened by the dramatically declining participation of its membership—there has been a 15% drop in Sunday attendance over the past 15 years—the overriding problem for the Church of England is not only to prepare for the ordination of women but also to somehow manage to hold all its members together. —By Michael P. Harris. Reported by Cathy Booth/Rome and Paul Hofheinz/London

Economy & Business



The current leader: an Arianespace rocket rises from a jungle launch pad in French Guiana to carry a payload into orbit

Blast-Off for Profits

A new roster of space racers line up to launch the world's satellites

As it thundered into space last week, the tall, slender rocket looked like hundreds of satellite boosters launched by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. Despite a drizzling rain, the blast-off put a marine observation satellite into orbit without a hitch. The launch pad, though, was not in California or Florida. It was on Tanegashima Island, and the rocket bore on its side, in prominent black letters, a single word: NIPPON.

Japan has joined a host of other nations that are striving to enter a fiercely competitive new space race. After the U.S. shuttle program was grounded last year by the *Challenger* tragedy, NASA ceased to be the world's principal carrier of commercial space cargo. Following President Reagan's announcement in August that future U.S. shuttle flights would carry few commercial payloads, space agencies from Peking to Paris have been hustling for their share of a world satellite-launching

business that could be worth \$2 billion to \$5 billion annually.

Dozens of NASA clients have been forced to shop around for other launchers. Among the more than 150 scheduled payloads left grounded by the U.S. space agency were satellites owned by GTF-Spacenet, RCA and Western Union, and by communications services in Canada, Britain and Indonesia. Many companies turned to Arianespace, the French-led European space consortium, which

quickly booked all its flights through 1989. But the European concern could not take on all of NASA's customers, partly because it can handle only about ten liftoffs a year at its launch pads in the jungles of French Guiana.

The rush then began among fledgling launchers to help clear the world cargo backlog and carve out a piece of future business. In the U.S., aerospace giants Martin Marietta, McDonnell Douglas and General Dynamics, all longtime manufacturers of the rockets used by NASA and the U.S. Air Force, are determined to capture a share of the new market. Space agencies in the Soviet Union and China as well as Japan are also gearing up to provide launching services.

Martin Marietta, which produces Titan-class rockets for the Air Force, was the first U.S. firm to sign up a client. It plans to launch an ExpressStar communications satellite for Federal Express in 1989. Says Richard Bracken, a vice president in charge of launch systems

McDonnell's Delta



A Soviet Proton



China's Long March



for Martin Marietta Aerospace: "The private launching business could be the next widebody jet business."

In January, McDonnell Douglas hitched a ride into the space race when the Air Force awarded it a \$734 million contract. The firm will build a fleet of up to 20 unmanned rockets by 1991 to launch military satellites. While that work is under way, it will be relatively cheap for McDonnell Douglas to build additional rockets to haul commercial payloads.

Much smaller U.S. operators are also reaching for the skies. Robert Truax, a former Navy engineer, built a rocket in his Saratoga, Calif., backyard four years ago, and hopes to be the first private businessman to launch commercial cargo into space, possibly from Cape Canaveral. Entrepreneur George Koopman's Menlo Park, Calif., firm, American Rocket, is conducting flight tests at Edwards Air Force Base in Southern California. Like Truax, Koopman says the hardest part about starting a space-transport firm is raising enough money. Says he: "I'm still out there beating the bushes for funds."

Big or small, however, the American companies will have to scramble if the U.S. is to regain the lead in the business that it pioneered. Europe's ArianeSpace is moving swiftly out in front. Suddenly transformed into a monopoly by the *Challenger* disaster, the company hiked its prices from about \$30 million to \$50 million. ArianeSpace signed 18 new contracts in 1986, up from eleven in 1985.

The European launcher's fastest-growing competitor is the China Great Wall Industry Corp. The People's Republic has aggressively marketed its Long March-3 booster service, offering discount prices and giving tours of its space facilities for potential Western clients. Says Sun Jiadong, the Chinese Astronautics Vice Minister: "We are willing to offer our Long March system with the most meticulous service."

Next year Great Wall plans to launch its first commercial payload, a Westar 6-S communications satellite for New York-based Terasat. It will transmit television programming and business data for Western Union and other users. The Chinese have also signed an agreement to launch a Swedish satellite, and are holding talks with 17 other nations. For customers who are concerned that China may copy the technology in satellites, Great Wall suggests that they package the payload in a sealed container and send along representatives to escort the cargo to the launch site.

Whether or not such precautions truly guarantee security, that proposition has been matched by the Soviet Union, which has shouldered its way into the business with newfound Madison Avenue-style pizzazz. Armed with glossy brochures that

picture mighty Proton rockets blasting off, the Soviets are heavily promoting their new commercial space service. Despite its vast experience in space, however, the Soviet Union stands little chance of capturing much of the satellite market in the near future. U.S. Government rules bar any satellites that contain U.S. technology from being shipped to the Soviets. Since most satellites made in the non-Communist world contain American parts, Moscow may have to persuade Washington to ease its restrictions if the Soviets are to be leading satellite launchers.

Japan is off to a slow start as a result

there is more romance than answers."

Some Wall Street aerospace experts doubt that the satellite-launching business will live up to expectations. One reason demand may be depressed somewhat by the new fiber-optic cable networks now under construction across the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, which can handle many transmission needs as well as satellites do. Demand for launches might be reduced further by a new satellite-placement technique introduced last year. A slight change in the way satellites are positioned with respect to the earth is expected to reduce substantially the fuel needed to keep them in the correct orbital slot. If so, new satellites may last considerably longer than current models, and replacements will not have to be sent up as often.

The new launching competitors, however, will not be totally dependent on the satellite market. NASA has proposed a space station, for example, that Boeing, Martin Marietta and McDonnell Douglas are bidding to build in the early 1990s. Once operational, the station will need to be supplied by as many as 16 cargo launches a year, and private firms may get some of that business. Commercial carriers could also win Defense Department contracts to carry hardware into space as testing of Strategic Defense Initiative technology picks up.

Whatever the size of the business, American space companies may need some kind of federal assistance to stay in the race. Space programs are matters of national prestige, and all foreign space operators enjoy generous government subsidies. Help from Washington might take the form of giving American firms preference on Government launch business and space-support services.

If American companies can build upon NASA's experience, they are likely to have an edge in the launch market. Despite the shuttle accident, the U.S. has the best reliability record for space shots. Moreover, American firms may benefit because the U.S. makes nearly 70% of the world's satellites. Most customers prefer to send up their satellites from the country of manufacture, because of lower costs and greater technological compatibility with the launching service. Says Andrea Caruso, director general of the European Telecommunications Satellite Organization: "Most Europeans would still prefer to launch with the U.S. but the U.S. is going to have to move quickly to demonstrate that it has a usable launcher and that it is competitive with its pricing." In other words, U.S. space companies will face the same competitive pressures from abroad that have bedeviled American manufacturers of clothes, cars and television sets. — *By Janice Castro, Reported by Jerry Hanifin/Washington and Thomas McCarroll/New York, with other bureaus*



Japanese technicians load a satellite in the nose cone of an H-1. Tokyo aims to use only homemade parts in boosters by 1992.

No More Blood in the Stone

Brazil will halt interest payments on its \$108 billion in loans

The tone of the speech was neither defiant nor belligerent, but the words were fraught with danger for bankers around the world. As the television camera zoomed in and a concerned nation watched, a somber Brazilian President José Sarney dispensed with niceties and got right to the point: "I want to announce that the country is suspending payments of interest on its foreign debt." The action was necessary, he said, to prevent Brazil from running out of money. Still, he continued, "it was not easy to make a decision of this magnitude."

Indeed, its magnitude can hardly be overstated. Brazil is supposed to pay about \$800 million in interest every month on its staggering \$108 billion foreign debt. If the suspension of those payments goes on for long, it would be a direct hit on the earnings of dozens of major banks in the U.S. and Western Europe. It could set a perilous precedent for other major Latin American debtors, including Mexico (\$105 billion owed) and Argentina (\$52.3 billion). But as disturbing as Sarney's decision was, Brazil's deepening economic woes and dwindling currency reserves made it almost inevitable.

While not saying when Brazil might resume payments, Sarney expressed willingness to negotiate an interest formula that his country could meet without risking "recession and social crisis." He never used the word default and insisted his aim was not confrontation. "Brazil does not wish to be an autarkic economy outside the world community."

Bankers reacted calmly to the speech, perhaps only because they had seen it coming. Said Rimmer De Vries, chief international economist of New York City's Morgan Guaranty Trust: "The suspension of payments is not a surprise to the banks. What is difficult to understand, however, is how things could have deteriorated so quickly. Brazil has gone completely over the cliff."

The most obvious sign of the country's economic troubles is the return of runaway inflation. After being frozen by the government for most of last year, prices are rising at a 545% annual rate in Brazil, the highest level ever for a country that was notorious for its triple-digit inflation earlier in the 1980s. As prices have leaped, interest rates have surged to more than 700%, dealing a devastating blow to business. Economists predict that Brazil's



In a rainstorm, Rio shoppers line up for scarce meat; President Sarney

Triple-digit interest rates cost the head of the central bank his job.

real growth rate will be cut in half this year, to less than 4%. The trade surplus, which provides the only cash the country has for paying interest, has dwindled from an average of \$1 billion a month throughout much of last year to \$129 million in January.

Brazil's labor unions and the business community put much of the blame for the economic turmoil on Sarney and his Finance Minister, Dilson Funaro. Ironically, only a year ago Sarney was hailed for imposing the freeze on prices. But the artificial restraints generated an intense consumer demand that put renewed pressure on the economy. Before long, production capacity that was needed to turn out exports was being diverted to satisfy domestic demand. Even so, shortages of meat,

milk, eggs and many other products developed. Ignoring the ill effects of the freeze, Sarney persisted with the controls until after congressional and state elections last November. Following his party's sweeping victory, the government almost immediately proclaimed price hikes of 50% to 100% on new cars, gasoline and electricity. Earlier this month Sarney finally decontrolled all prices except those of 61 staples, including milk, bread and rice.

As inflation exploded, the government faced a barrage of protests. In response, Sarney decided to oust the president of Brazil's central bank, Fernao Bracher, who was under criticism for letting interest rates rise too high. His replacement was Francisco Góes, an economist trained at Columbia University and a friend of Finance Minister Funaro's. The appointment of Góes strengthened Funaro's grip on financial policy, but the minister has yet to convince foreign bankers that he has a viable program for straightening out the economy.

In the meantime, distress has generated disorder. Last week in Rio de Janeiro thousands of truck drivers who haul food to warehouses went on strike for higher

pay, and supermarket shelves began to empty. Some truckers who tried to deliver produce got their windshields smashed as they drove through gauntlets of rock-throwing pickets. After 48 hours of disruption, the strike ended when drivers received a hefty 72% raise.

As prices and wages spiral out of control, business strategy is virtually paralyzed. Says Thomas Michael Lanz, director of a São Paulo electronic-tools company: "We are all lost. We can't plan, we can't set prices, we can't decide whether to hire or fire." *Senhor*, the widely read São Paulo-based business magazine, put an upside-down map of

Brazil on its cover last week with the headline *GENRAL CONFUSION*.

Against that backdrop of uncertainty, Brazil faces what are sure to be difficult negotiations on rescheduling its debt payments. Sarney will be under political pressure to take a tough line. Says Brazilian Labor Leader Jair Meneguelli: "You can't fill the bankers' bellies and the people's bellies at the same time." On their side, the creditors may be sympathetic, and if the talks go well, will consider giving Brazil new loans. But their patience will not last indefinitely. Says a U.S. banker based in São Paulo: "The banks want Brazil to admit it has problems, show a feasible plan for dealing with them, and stop throwing sand in the faces of creditors." — *By Gavin Scott; Rio de Janeiro*



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Economy & Business

From Pinstripes to Prison Stripes

As the Feds round up the bad apples, the market flourishes

Just how far does the Government plan to go in its roundup of insider traders? The distance, apparently. Until now, jittery Wall Streeters could take comfort that the targets would be largely the most flagrant, Ivan Boesky-like abusers. But that reassuring notion rapidly evaporated in the aftermath of the Government's arrest this month of three high-ranking Wall Street officials, two of whom had allegedly made insider-trading profits only for their firms, not for personal gain. The cases suggested that prosecutors plan to go after not just greedy mavericks but overzealous employees and the companies for whom they work. As a result, major investment firms began to brace for the possibility of criminal charges and lawsuits for the misdeeds of a tiny fraction of their workers.

No one's nerves were calmed last week by the spectacle of another once powerful Wall Street getting a prison sentence. Dennis Levine, a former managing director at the Drexel Burnham Lambert investment firm who broke open the scandal last year by implicating Boesky, drew a term of two years, making him the fourth insider trader this year who will do hard time. Levine had faced as much as 20 years on four counts of securities fraud, perjury and income-tax evasion. "I beg you, let me put the pieces of my life together again," he implored U.S. District Judge Gerard Goettel before the sentencing. In deciding on two years, Goettel cited Levine's "extraordinary" cooperation with investigators, which had helped them uncover a "nest of vipers" on Wall Street.

Only days before the sentencing, the Government's dragnet had proved effective in snagging another suspect, this time outside the Boesky ring. Israel Grossman, a 34-year-old Manhattan lawyer, was charged with sharing information about a Colt Industries stock buy-back with at least six friends and relatives. His telephone tips allegedly enabled them to reap \$1.5 million in profits on their investments of just \$38,273.

Yet anyone who watched only the Dow Jones industrial average last week would have been unlikely to sense that history's biggest stock scandal was unfolding. Opening after a three-day weekend, the Dow jumped 54.14 points on

Tuesday alone, a record rise for a single session. It set an all-time high of 2244.09 on Thursday before slipping back to close the week at 2235.24. The market's reaction was in direct contrast to its performance after the Boesky revelations last November, when it plunged briefly as investors dumped speculative takeover stocks. This time, big institutions and foreign investors evidently believed the scandal poses no particular threat to their current strategy of snapping up basic industrial stocks, which the buyers think will be helped by a growing economy and a falling U.S. dollar. Says Byron Wien, a



Dennis Levine emerging from a New York court last week after his sentencing
A shorter term for helping investigators uncover a "nest of vipers."

stock strategist for the Morgan Stanley investment firm: "The continued strength of the market shows that most investors do not believe the system is evil."

Even so, the new charges suggest that insider trading is not just the work of lone wolves. Some Wall Street firms may have created an atmosphere for such trading, inadvertently or not, by failing to maintain the so-called Chinese walls of discretion between their investment-banking divisions and their trading departments. That may have been the case in one of the insider-trading arrangements allegedly started by Martin Siegel, the former Kidder, Peabody merger whiz kid who pleaded guilty Feb. 13 to charges of illegal stock trading and tax evasion. The *Wall Street Journal* reported last week that Kidder, Peabody's chief executive, Ralph DeNunzio, ordered Siegel in March 1984 to create an arbitrage department to speculate on takeover stocks, and to keep this special assignment secret. Reason: his arbitrage role could be seen as clashing with his position as the firm's chief corporate adviser on mergers and acquisitions. Kidder denies the *Journal* account, as well as any other wrongdoing. The Government charges that Siegel, who was apparently eager to get the arbitrage division rolling quickly, took part in a plan to share inside tips among two Kidder, Peabody arbitragers, Richard Wigton and Timothy Tabor, and a counterpart at the Goldman, Sachs investment firm, Robert Freeman.

If it can be proved that either Kidder, Peabody or Goldman, Sachs reaped profits from their employees' illegal dealing, the firms could be forced to disgorge huge sums. A federal statute passed in 1984 entitles the Securities and Exchange Commission to ask courts to impose treble damages on such profits. The federal investigators have reportedly served subpoenas on both Kidder and Goldman in an effort to search a wide range of trading records. In addition, Wall Street lawyers said they have begun to get a flood of inquiries from investors who want to file private lawsuits against the implicated investment houses.

The Government is likely to face its toughest fight yet in making any charges stick against Freeman, the Goldman, Sachs arbitrager. Proud of its starchy, spotless image, Goldman plans to help its employee fight the accusations, rather than persuade him to settle with the Government as other alleged insiders have done. The firm plans to provide Freeman with legal counsel and keep him on the job unless he is proved guilty. Confides a New York City securities lawyer familiar with the charges: "This is one case where the Government may have been a little too zealous." Kidder too aims to defend Wigton, its accused executive, against the charges.

The more beleaguered firm appears to be Drexel Burnham, the investment house with close ties to Boesky Wall Street. It is restlessly waiting for the results of an SEC probe and a reported grand jury investigation into Drexel's activities, among them the highly profitable operation run by Michael Milken, the junk-bond guru. Even though no charges have been filed against Drexel, rumors have proliferated among competing firms that Drexel could conceivably face fines running into the hundreds of millions of dollars if its staff is found to have committed widespread insider trading.

While such penalties remain pure speculation at this point, the heat of invest-

tigation surrounding Drexel is already driving away business, its competitors claim. The firm's headaches grew even more severe last week, when Staley Continental, an Illinois-based food company, sued the investment house for more than \$200 million in damages in a case centering on Drexel's junk-bond operation. Staley claims that last November Drexel tried to push the food company's management into a deal to buy up the corporation's stock, which would have been financed by the investment firm. Drexel called the lawsuit an "ill-conceived attempt to capitalize on the current climate" of the insider-trading scandal.

Many experts believe the really blatant cases of insider profiteering are rare, despite the hubbub. "The vast majority of the people on Wall Street are not doing it," says Edward Brodsky, a Manhattan securities lawyer. "Those who are, however, infect the integrity of the entire marketplace." Maintaining that integrity has been a difficult challenge in the deregulated, hurly-burly Wall Street of the 1980s, where traders have been tempted to use insider tips to maintain their competitive edge.

If their employers are now to be held accountable for insider transgressions, that development may be deserved. Many Wall Street firms have imposed unrealistic expectations on their traders and bankers without giving them a solid grounding in old-fashioned ethical values. By pushing salaries and bonuses to outlandish heights, investment firms have turned money into the ultimate measure of success. Declares Felix Rohatyn, senior partner of the investment firm Lazard Frères, in an essay for the *New York Review of Books*: "Too much money is coming together with too many young people who have little or no institutional memory, or sense of tradition, and who are under enormous pressure to perform in the glare of Hollywood-like publicity."

It was a soaring life-style that perhaps brought the downfall of Martin Siegel. Besides keeping a posh Manhattan apartment, he and his wife built a spectacular cedar-and-glass beachfront home on Connecticut's Long Island Sound, complete with tennis court and gym. He typically commuted to work in a chartered helicopter. Siegel reportedly met with Boesky in New York City's Harvard Club in 1982 and bemoaned his compensation at Kidder Peabody, which he viewed as inadequate even though it was already well into six figures. That lunch date allegedly led to the tip-selling arrangement in which Siegel boosted his income by a total of \$700,000 over three years. But by making that purported deal, Siegel, only 38, will now forgo untold future income in the merger game. Since he is barred for life from the securities industry and could get up to ten years in prison, the lush life he enjoyed as a star dealmaker is already only a bitter memory. *By Stephen Koepf.*

Reported by Susan Kinsley and Frederick Ungeheuer/New York

Fighting Off the Suitcase Brigade

American chipmakers call for a crackdown on Japanese dumping

The tiny computer chips known as semiconductors are wizards at running just about everything, from talking bears to ballistic missiles—but they cannot yet settle an argument. In fact, they are the cause of a fierce controversy between the U.S. and Japan, whose ill-matched trade balances have become a perennial source of friction. The conflict is rich in intrigue and deception, involving illegal practices, predatory salesmen, a suitcase brigade and even a smoking gun. At stake is not only the future of the \$11.4 billion U.S. semiconductor industry but also the fate of the sophisticated weapons systems on which national security depends.

When the U.S. and Japan signed an accord on semiconductors last summer, it



A wafer from which semiconductors are made
The industry's weakness could hurt defense

appeared to be one of the best trade pacts ever extracted from the Japanese. Japan agreed to stop dumping chips in the U.S. and third-country markets at prices that were below production costs. It also promised foreign chipmakers increased access to semiconductor sales in Japan, an important market from which the Americans had been largely shut out.

Now, as complaints rise that the Japanese are cheating on the deal, the semiconductor pact is in danger of unraveling. Moreover, a panel of experts investigating the military's chip supplies has concluded in a report to the Pentagon that only major Government intervention can save the U.S. chipmakers. The report recommends that the Defense Department invest some \$2 billion over the next five years for research and development in chip-building technology. Says Martin Marietta President Norman Augustine, who chaired the advisory panel: "If we don't do this or something akin to this,

the U.S. semiconductor industry will die."

If something is done to help the chipmakers, it will be the result of sustained lobbying by a trade group that boasts some of the country's biggest and most dynamic firms: IBM, AT&T, Texas Instruments, National Semiconductor and Advanced Micro Devices. For nearly two years they have vigorously complained that a vital and innovative industry was being destroyed not by bad business practices but by predatory competition. In a series of complaints filed with the U.S. Government, the industry alleged that the Japanese were using unfair trade practices in their zeal to penetrate the U.S. market. The smoking gun: a memorandum issued by Hitachi executives instructing their salesmen to undercut U.S. firms by 10%, no matter what the cost.

Faced with the imposition of sharp punitive tariffs, Japan signed the semiconductor trade agreement on July 31. But any hopes that the new accord would settle the conflict were quickly dashed. When the prices of Japanese chips sold in the U.S. began to climb, U.S. chip buyers objected, and some began threatening to take their manufacturing operations overseas. Meanwhile, slower sales abroad created a chip glut in Japan, driving Far East prices as much as 50% below the agreed-upon "fair market" values. Result: a boom in illicit roundabout sales. Large numbers of low-priced Japanese chips turned up in Hong Kong, South Korea and Taiwan, and middlemen, known as the suitcase brigade, secretly ferried them to the U.S.

Late last month trade representatives from Washington confronted Tokyo with 20 pages of specific evidence of violations and set deadlines for compliance: 30 days to stop selling chips below cost in third-country markets, and 60 days to increase Japanese purchases of U.S. chips. Japanese officials denied any dumping but as a gesture of good faith agreed to ease the glut by trying to cut production of the most overabundant chips by 10%.

That is not likely to satisfy the U.S. semiconductor makers, which have asked the U.S. Government to slap penalties on everything from VCRs to microwave ovens to punish the offending Japanese firms. Such protectionist talk is still not well received by this antitarrif Administration. But the White House might yet be swayed by the advisory panel, which pointed out the increasing importance of semiconductors in U.S. weapons systems. "The path we are on," says Martin Marietta's Augustine, "will inevitably lead to a situation where the U.S. military will depend on Japan or other Pacific Rim allies for the technology it needs to deter and win wars." The chipmakers hope that prospect is sufficiently alarming to win them some relief.

By Philip Elmer-DeWitt.
Reported by Gisela Boite/Washington and Cristina Garcia/San Francisco

Economy & Business



For letters, lists and term papers: a Magnavox Videowriter, left, and a Smith-Corona XD 8000

A Wordsmith Pure and Simple

Personal writers carve a niche

Using a computer to write letters," says Ronald Coleman, a Mount Vernon, Ohio, maker of glass sculpture, "is like using a cannon to hunt rabbits." That may be so, but an awful lot of Americans are still taking that high-caliber approach to communication. An estimated 7.1 million personal computers were sold in the U.S. last year, almost every one capable of diverse tasks that range from preparing income-tax returns to managing the inventory of a small-to-medium-size business. Yet word-processing tasks, including the laborious business of writing and editing letters, lists and other manu-

scripts, account for at least 75% of all personal-computer use and 65% of annual software sales.

Now, after little more than a year of exposure, a less complicated and cheaper kind of computer gadgetry is starting to carve a niche in the word-processing market. Known as personal writers, the new instruments look much like their personal-computer rivals, complete with keyboard and video-display monitors. Like personal computers, the new products are powered by semiconductor chips and use floppy disks that can store up to 140 pages of text. The difference is that the new machines cannot do such high-tech jobs as number-crunching calculation and communication with other computers. Instead, the personal writers perform only routine editing and writing tasks—at a stripped-down price of around \$800, vs. more than \$1,500 for a typical IBM PC.

Personal writers were introduced to the U.S. market last year by Magnavox, a division of North American Philips, and by Smith-Corona, a unit of SCM. These machines soon had competitors made by Amstrad, Panasonic and Canon. About 100,000 of the instruments were sold in 1986 for a total of about \$70 million, mainly to small-business professionals, students and the work-at-home market. Overall U.S. sales figures are expected to reach 200,000 this year and 1 million by 1990. Total value of the personal-writer market by that time is estimated \$800 million.

One of the main selling points of the new machines is simplicity. All models currently on sale are equipped with built-in programming to spare customers the trouble of learning how to use separate commercial word-processing software. The operating instructions are minimal with a few simple commands: sentences and paragraphs can be switched around or type styles changed on the display screen.

Paradoxically enough, the price of the personal writers is still too high to attract the occasional wordsmith. Predicts Andy Bosc, an analyst at the Manhattan-based Link Resources market-research firm: "Personal writers are not going to become mass-market items until prices drop to around \$400." But that may not take long. Amstrad recently reduced the price of its model from \$799 to \$499, and Magnavox is currently offering a \$200 rebate on purchases of its \$700 Videowriter. If personal writers prove to be like other new products in the fast-paced consumer electronics industry, prices will continue to drop drastically. Then the specialized writing machine may give both computers and typewriters a run for their money.

—By Thomas McC Carroll/New York

Snap It, Scrap It

Disposable razors are one thing, but will anyone buy a throwaway camera? Fuji Photo Film and Eastman Kodak apparently think so. Their new rival models, both announced last week, combine film, plastic lens and a shutter into one small box. After shooting pictures, users will take the entire camera to a photo lab for film processing. Kodak's Fling, which could be available by the summer, will sell for \$6.95 and take 24 shots. It contains the 110 film used in Kodak's Instamatic cameras. Fuji will begin selling its Quick Snap this spring. It will cost less than \$10 for 24 exposures and will use higher-quality 35-mm film.

These gadgets will sell for roughly two to three times the cost of comparable film for regular cameras. They are meant for use at the beach or other places where people might not want to bring more expensive cameras. They are not picture perfect, though. Both models take outdoor shots only and cannot focus on objects that are less than 3 ft. away.



Aiming Fuji's disposable camera; inset, an example of the results

Marlboro



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you get a lot to like.



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

16 mg "tar", 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85

There is your kids will



Rubber bugs. Dollies. Rocking horses. No sooner are children delighted by them than they seem to have outgrown 'em. Moved on to

football and a telephone of their own.

So it's reassuring to know the Honda Civic 4-Door Sedan is a car that grows up right along with your kids.

Take the backseat. It's a good place for a little one to start life, with safety-seat anchors and child-proof door locks. Moms rate these special features right up there with eyes in the back of the head.

There's also ample room for childish pursuits like storybooks, teddy bears, cowboy hats and crayons. There's even room for a baby brother or sister.

The trunk will grow on you, too.

At infancy, you can use it as an oversized diaper bag.

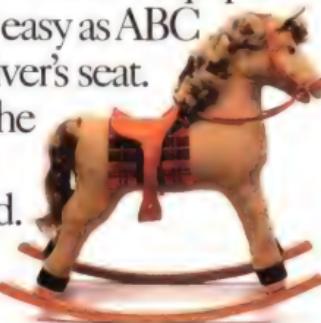


one thing never outgrow.

Later, a convenient toy chest or the team's equipment locker. A remote release makes it easy as ABC to open  from the driver's seat.

Now, for some adult stuff. The driver's seat and steering column both adjust easily to Mom or Dad. And since you're never too old to have fun, there's front-wheel drive and a responsive 12-valve, 1.5 liter engine under the hood. No wind-up toy here.

As you can see, there are lots of reasons to own a Civic Sedan. Still, the best reason may be a little one.



HONDA
Civic 4-Door Sedan



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The pursuit of knowledge is still one of the first things we long for and look after, as individuals and as a nation.

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Guaranteed Student Loans during the last decade. Nearly \$2 billion in the last year alone.

And that's why HEMAR, a new, complementary group of companies, now provides additional support and services to achieve the same purpose - assured access to postsecondary education.

HEAF, and now HEMAR.

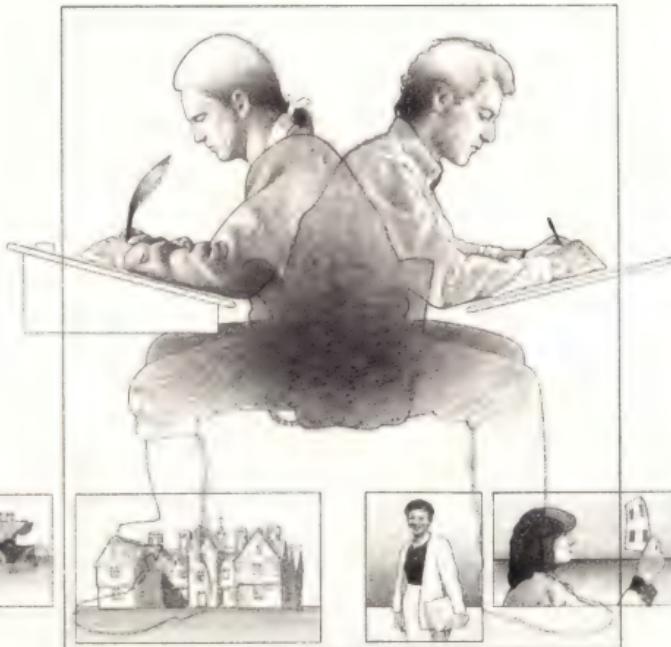
Together, these groups of companies guaranteed or serviced more than a quarter of the \$8 billion in student loans made in this country last year. Putting postsecondary education

within reach, and contributing to a strong, productive and well-educated citizenry.

For current information about student loans, write to: Guaranteeing the Future, 6800 College Boulevard, Suite 600, Overland Park, Kansas 66211.

HEAF 

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Business Notes



A further sharp fall in U.S. currency could spark inflation, Volcker testified



Airbus throws a coming-out extravaganza for its brand-new bird

MONEY

Bucking Up The Dollar

If the dollar keeps diving, it could pull several of the world's major economies down with it. That realization was behind the urgent meeting in Paris over the weekend of finance ministers and central bankers from the Group of Seven—the U.S., West Germany, Japan, Britain, France, Italy and Canada—to discuss ways of moderating currency swings. For the U.S. another goal of the session was to persuade Japan and West Germany to stimulate their economies. That would boost their imports of American products and help ease the U.S. trade deficit, which reached a record \$170 billion last year. Higher exports would also spur the sluggish U.S. economy. The gross national product grew at an annual rate of only 1.3% in the fourth quarter of 1986, the Government reported last week.

Pressing the American case at the G-7 meeting were Treasury Secretary James Baker and Federal Reserve Board Chairman Paul Volcker. Before leaving for Paris, Volcker told the Senate Banking Committee he hoped the session would "give a little more impetus" to efforts to stabilize the currency markets. But, he later added, "I wouldn't say this meeting itself will do it."

Volcker argued that the dollar has already fallen far enough. While its decline promises to help narrow the trade deficit, a continued plunge could send import prices surging and spark increased inflation. That is one threat the Fed chairman cannot afford to underestimate.

AIRPLANES

Royal Fete For a Eurojet

As a crowd of 1,200 onlookers gathered in the cavernous hangar of the Aérospatiale company in Toulouse, France, loud pop music filled the air. Suddenly the lights dimmed, clouds of smoke billowed across the red-carpeted floor, and a curtain parted to reveal a gleaming white jetliner. It was the A-320, a 150-seat aircraft that is the new offering from Airbus, the European consortium. For a final touch of pizazz, Prince Charles and Princess Diana, on hand for the debut, sloshed champagne over the plane's nose.

The Airbus 320, which will go into service next year, poses a major challenge to U.S. aerospace firms. The plane will compete in the \$4.5 billion-a-year market for short-to-medium-range (up to 3,500 miles) jetliners. The Airbus 320 has already racked up 419 orders from 16 airlines—the biggest advance sale in aviation history.

AUTOS

Ford's Vroom At the Top

The last time that Ford Motor could claim to be the most profitable U.S. automaker, its best-selling car was the Model T. After trailing General Motors for 61 years, Ford last year outearned its top rival, \$3.3 billion vs. \$2.95 billion. Most impressive of all, Ford raced to the lead while selling less than half as many cars as GM.

Ford has succeeded by cutting costs by some \$5 billion during the past six years. Another plus: its popular, curvy Taurus and Mercury Sable cars. For the last quarter of 1986, the Taurus (base price: \$11,076) outsold all other models in the U.S.

The plan is part of a major AFL-CIO drive to boost membership in its 92 unions, which has dwindled from 14 million four years ago to 13 million today. Last summer the Bank of New York began issuing discount MasterCards to union members across the U.S. They carry annual interest rates of less than 15%, in contrast to 18% or more on typical cards. One union official admits that "it is hard to tell" if the incentives are bringing in new members, but the AFL-CIO is preparing several more drawing cards, including a discount travel club.

SERVICES

My Beautiful Laundry Ride

Promoting mass transit in Dallas, where the car is king, is something like selling straw hats in winter. This month, though, the city's bus service began testing a ploy to lure new customers. Riders drop off their dirty laundry in the morning at a bus stop heavily used by suburban commuters. There, vans operated by Kwik Wash, a local laundry service, pick up the bundles. In the afternoon at the same stop, riders get the clothes back, clean and neatly folded. Cost: 85¢ per lb. If the program is a success, film processing and shoe repair may be next.

LABOR

Next a Valet With Each Job?

Since America's labor unions no longer have enough clout to win hefty pay hikes for workers, their leaders have to be creative to attract recruits. The AFL-CIO has a new program to provide cheap legal services to its membership. Some 320 law firms nationwide have agreed to give union members 30 minutes of free advice and a 30% discount on subsequent legal work. The participating law firms see it as a way to drum up new clients.

People

Her devotees hailed her as a Peruvian princess descended from the last emperor of the Incas: her detractors sought to dismiss her as an impostor from Brooklyn named Amy Camus, who was spelling her real name backward. But no one ever disputed the fact that **Yma Sumac's** four-octave voice was one of the world's sonic wonders. From 1950 to '62, Yma (pronounced *Eemah*) was a singing sensation, mak-



Sumac: vocal acrobatics

ing six albums of Andes-inspired songs and nonverbal incantations and two movies before fading into semiretirement. Now, 25 years later Yma, 59, is wowing audiences again with her guttural growls and birdlike trills during a sold-out, three-week engagement in New York City. Says she: "There are many beautiful singers, but there is only one Yma." And who could possibly argue with that?

The two-week ski holiday on the slopes at Klosters, Switzerland, was supposed to provide a relaxing getaway for **Prince Charles and Diana, Prince Andrew and Sarah**, aka Fergie. As the royal couples soon discovered, however, no venue is too remote for the untiring stalkers who toil for Britain's popular press. According to one tabloid, the *Sun*, on the second day of Andrew and Fergie's otherwise sunny vacation, they were riding a mountain train when the prince was said to have complained that there were journalists in the



Charles, Diana, Sarah and Andrew displaying their cool on the slopes at Klosters

next carriage. "I don't want any trouble or pushing or shoving. It doesn't reflect well on me," Fergie reportedly replied. "If they're going to take pictures, I want to look my best and not as though I'm hiding." Andrew then allegedly sniffed, "I don't know why you bother, they're just an awful rat pack." To which his wife rejoined, "Sometimes you're just like your father." Not to worry though: two days later, during a photo session on the 7,550-ft. Gotschnagrat, the quartet cheerfully mugged for the cameras, then schussed off into a natural smoke screen of fog.



Curtin: from conehead to redhead

Her past personas (*on Saturday Night Live*) include a nerd, an alien conehead and a wacky news anchor. So it seemed almost natural to let **Jane Curtin** imitate such blithe spirits as Lucy Ricardo (Lucille Ball), Rhoda (Valerie Harper) and Lou Grant (Edward Asner) in an upcoming episode of *Kate & Allie*. The CBS show has Allie (Curtin) mistakenly receiving a letter addressed to her ex-husband. Tortured by the temptation to open it, she goes to sleep and dreams that **Kate (Susan Saint James)** has become Ethel Mertz and that she is Lucy, plotting to peep into the mail of her husband Ricky Ricardo. Allie's dream gets even more confusing when she finds herself on the *Mary Tyler Moore Show*, where Mary (Saint James) and Rhoda (Curtin) intercept a letter intended for Lou (again, Curtin). Now that it's over, Curtin reports she actually enjoyed grappling with the doily script. But there were limits. Declares she: "I wouldn't let them shave my head for Lou Grant."

His fables, gentle and homespun, about the down-to-earth citizens of Lake Wobegon, tumbled out effortlessly, in a seemingly endless string of inspired narratives. As **Garrison Keillor** has learned, however, all good yarns must wind to a close, and the 13-year saga of the lanky Minnesotan's popu-

lar weekend radio revue, *A Prairie Home Companion*, is no exception. Last week the best-selling author (*Happy to Be Here, Lake Wobegon Days*) announced that his two-hour potpourri of music, fake commercials and rustic stories will be going off the air after June 13. It was a "simple, painful decision that is cheerfully



Keillor: a heartland sign-off

made," he observed on the show, now heard live by some 4 million listeners on 275 public stations. Keillor, 44, told listeners that he wants to devote more time to writing and "resume the life of a shy person, a life in which there are Saturdays." To that end, he is heading with his second wife, **Ulla Skaerved** to her native Den-

mark. "I find life over there somewhat as I remember Lake Wobegon," says Keillor of Denmark. In other words, all the women are strong, all the men good-looking and all the children above average.

Its buoyant melodies were anything but discordant, but to some ears *Graceland*, the critically acclaimed new album by Paul Simon, struck a sour note. Reason: Simon, 44, recorded part of the set two years ago in Johannesburg with local musicians, prompting accusations that he had violated the United Nations' cultural boycott against South Africa. Simon hotly denies the charge, but the most convincing proof of his vindication occurred as a racially mixed crowd of 30,000

missionary who persuades him to navigate an uncharted jungle river, remains one of the cinema's most unlikely—and memorable—love stories. Long after filming *The African*

herself could not have said it better.

For a change there were two winners in this year's Miss U.S.A. pageant. One was Miss Texas, **Michelle Renee Royer**; the other, Emcee **Bob Barker**. Royer, 21, became the third Texan in a row to win the Miss U.S.A. title, following in the footsteps of Dallas' **Christy Fichtner** (1986) and **Laura Martinez-Herring** (1985), also from Royer's hometown of El Paso. "I don't think the girls are any prettier," said Royer of the contestants from her native

state. "But the girls are strong and dedicated." Barker, 63, an outspoken animal-rights activist, demonstrated his own brand of dedication: he threatened to walk out of the pageant if the eleven semifinalists went on the air wearing real furs in the swimsuit competition. After a five-day standoff, the show's sponsors finally agreed to use synthetic pelts, with one important exception—the coat that Royer walked off with, as part of her \$200,000 in cash and prizes, was mink.

When **Oral Roberts**, 69, proclaimed almost two months ago that God would call him "home" if he could not raise an additional \$4.5 million for medical missionary scholarships by March, he quickly became a national target of derision. Now Roberts, no mean showman, seems to have



Roberts: duel with the Devil



Miss Texas: triple treat

topped himself. Appearing last week on his son's daily religious program, *Richard Roberts Live*, the elder Roberts announced that the Devil had found his way to Oklahoma and dropped in at the Roberts' home. The Prince of Darkness turned out to be an unruly guest. The Fiend put "his hands on my throat," said Roberts. "He was choking the life out of me. I yelled to my wife, 'Honey, come!'" Responding, **Evelyn Roberts** rushed to her husband's room, rebuked their courteous visitor, then succeeded in persuading him to git. Wheew.

But wait; there's more. Roberts had still another announcement: he said he now expected to raise enough money to save his medical missionary program. "I've been through hell and back," Roberts told viewers. "But on March 31 I expect to be alive—to live!" Despite Roberts' financial optimism, ministry officials have yet to say whether he is even close to amassing the \$2.9 million needed to reach his goal.

—By Guy D. Garcia



Jungle jottings: Hepburn at work on her book



State of grace: Shabalala, Makeba and Simon in Zimbabwe

fans cheered him on during a concert at Rufaro Stadium in Harare, the capital of Zimbabwe. The performance featured South African artists like **Joseph Shabalala** and **Political Exiles Hugh Masekela** and **Miriam Makeba**. "For me, this concert in Zimbabwe was more than just wonderful because I have not been there for 40 years," said Makeba. "People in my homeland have not criticized us because [Simon] did not break the boycott." The music will speak for itself when Simon tours the U.S. in the coming months.

The bickering partnership of Charlie Ailnut, the boozing sailor with a heart of gold, and Rosie Sayer, the prim English

Queen with Actor **Humphrey Bogart** and Director **John Huston** in Uganda and the Belgian Congo (now Zaire). **Katherine Hepburn** thought a behind-the-scenes account of the battles with bugs, dysentery and troublesome props would make a first-rate book. The result, to be published by Knopf next fall, is *The Making of The African Queen*, or, *How I Went to Africa with Bogart, Bacall and Huston and Almost Lost My Mind*. Hepburn reports that the details of her real-life adventure are still vivid. "There are some happenings you can't forget," she writes in the introduction to her first book. "I got to jotting down bits here, bits there. And then I thought, Come on, dear—pull it together." Rosie

DELTA 88

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Let's get it together... buckle up.

Sport

Making Its Points, the Hard Way

Dealt a difficult hand, Las Vegas draws from the discards

None of the country's choice basketball players ever arrive at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, on the fly, though a few have come in on one bounce. Jerry Tarkanian, a coach who looks like an all-night poker game, is the best rebounder in college basketball. At the moment, five of his first seven players are junior-college transfers. Three of the starters, including Star Forward Armon ("the Hammer") Gilliam, had no other scholarship offers at all. They are merely the top-ranked team in the nation.

Neglecting to win only one game in 29, Tarkanian is still deliberating over "whether we're really a great team" or just quite a good one "that plays awfully hard." Six-Foot Guard Mark Wade, a selfless passenger unnoticed at his first stop, Oklahoma, operates the offense. An outside shooter named Gerald Paddio has come along to encourage opponents to emulate Tarkanian's bedrock man-to-man defense. "The only ones crying about the new three-point/19-ft rule are the coaches who like to play zone. If anything's hurting college basketball, it's zone defenses."

While several statuesque thyroid cases share the Las Vegas pivot, the team is fundamentally centered if not completely built upon the solid 6-ft 9-in. soft shooter and rugged rebounder Gilliam. A high school wrestler from Pittsburgh, he toyed with the notion of playing football at Clemson and embraced basketball last. "When you mention Las Vegas, people think of glitter," Gilliam says, "but glitter wears off."

The thought of college basketball thriving in Las Vegas is slightly chilling. Of all the extracurricular activities, basketball might be the most worrisome to universities today. Chances are, at the bottom of the *Iran-contra* scandal is a basketball coach in a checkered jacket and plaid pants. As bleak history shows, the potential for corruption, particularly of a gambling kind, is potent enough in places like Kentucky and New

York without putting a franchise in Gomorrah.

Games begin in Las Vegas much the way they do in small towns everywhere, with indoor fireworks and Wayne Newton singing the national anthem. Several times this season, the home attendance record has been broken. "We've had five television and 20,000 people," Tarkanian sighs. "Our fans are going crazy."

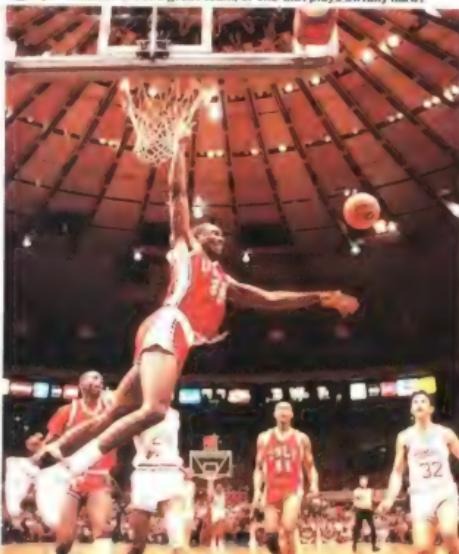
Guard Freddie Banks, who was actually born and raised in Las Vegas, mentions that "the hotel owners, the really big-time people, all sit in the front row. Now and then, Jimmie Walker—you know, JJ on *Good Times*—plays with our band." But, generally, Banks has kept his hometown in perspective. "It's a good place to lose money, and it never snows." Banks' father is a bellman at the Hacienda, his mother a housekeeper at the Union Plaza. "Everyone's dream here is the N.B.A.," he says, but a few have ended up at the M.G.M. Banks says, "It's my dream too," though he is preparing to fall back on the city's second leading industry, social work.

A Runnin' Rebel of 1980, Flintie Ray



Tark squeezing out a win

Highflyer Gilliam: Part of a great team, or one that plays awfully hard?



Williams has worked his way up in the years since, from blackjack dealer to pit boss at the Golden Nugget. "It's not a hard profession to break into," he explains. "All you have to do is count to 21." Among Williams' old college playmates, Eddie Owens is dealing at Caesars Palace and Sam Smith is valeting cars. Williams is quick to add that "at a hundred and a half a night, a lot of people would park cars. You can be a porter in this town and make \$60 or \$70 a day."

In Williams' light, the image of the outlaw team brightens. "The old man [Tarkanian] runs a straight deal," he says firmly, "and the whole community is protective of it." Betting on UNLV games is not only illegal, it appears to be that rarest thing in town: immoral. "If a player so much as walked into a casino," Williams declares, "everyone would rise up and say, 'No, no, uh-uh, forget it. I mean, just the idea of it is offensive. That's like our one normal thing college basketball. The word would get back to Tark in about seven minutes."

As the N.C.A.A. used to waste its time asserting in courtrooms, Tarkanian is not precisely a saint, though in 14 Nevada winters he has provided Father Flanagan with a run for his money. There is no such thing as a bad boy who can shoot a 19-ft jump shot, and one of the most promising recruits in years is warming up right now in a Los Angeles detention home. Another standby, Brooklyn Street Legend Lloyd Daniels, was busted for an alleged cocaine offense two weeks ago, bringing

shame on his four high schools. "We don't get the McDonald's or *Parade* All-Americans," Tarkanian says, "but no program in the country has better kids." Of late, the Rebels are even starting to graduate, though Tarkanian thinks they have always learned something, each according to his own capacity.

By Flintie Ray Williams' calculation, "the basic thing every college basketball player needs to learn is that everyone can't end up in the N.B.A. It took me about a year and a half after I quit playing to fully grasp that. In another place, I think I might have been lost after basketball. Coach Tarkanian helps the players get to that point where they're real with themselves, and then the town generally offers them a living. It's not such a terrible deal." Stars parking cars may not be the jackpot, but they know when to fold 'em. —By Tom Callahan

Ethics

Putting AIDS to the Test

Tough questions about the merits of mass screening

For David Souleles, 21, a psychology student at the University of California at Irvine, the issue of whether to be tested for exposure to the AIDS virus is a simple one. Souleles, a homosexual, openly acknowledges the possibility that he may have been infected with the virus through previous sexual contact. But now he practices what has become known as "safe sex," and, he says, "the information that I'll receive from the test is not going to help me become more safe. If I find out I'm positive, there's nothing I can do about it anyway. It's kind of pointless."

Today the decision is up to Souleles. But as the AIDS toll continues to mount, a number of state and local politicians around the country are calling for widespread, mandatory AIDS antibody testing. These demands have spurred vigorous opposition from gay-rights activists, civil rights lawyers and public-health officials. They urge, instead, voluntary testing that includes what have been called the "three Cs": informed consent, confidentiality and counseling. This week both views will be represented in Atlanta as medical experts from across the nation gather for a conference sponsored by the Centers for Disease Control to debate the value of mass AIDS testing. Among the questions to be discussed: How far should the Government go in supporting and even requiring the test? How effective would mass testing really be in containing the spread of the virus?

Hundreds of thousands of Americans are already required by the Federal Government to submit to AIDS testing. By the end of this year, the military will have screened 3 million service members. Last month the State Department began testing its more than 8,000 Foreign Service personnel, and in March, the Labor Department plans to begin administering the test to some 60,000 young Job Corps applicants. A few states may be moving toward mandatory testing. Some examples: in Georgia, a committee of the legislature has approved a bill that proposes permitting the exchange of information regarding AIDS victims among health-care professionals. In Illinois, legislation is pending that would require state officials to withhold marriage licenses if a prospective spouse tests positive for the AIDS antibody.

Although a recent poll indicates the general public seems to favor compulsory testing, especially of those in high-risk

groups, experts question its wisdom. "For both sound public-health reasons and civil rights reasons, we are very much opposed to any type of mandatory testing," says Dr. Stephen Joseph, New York City's health commissioner. Experience with other diseases, he says, shows that without an effective cure for AIDS, such a



New York City, 314 AIDS discrimination complaints were filed in 1986 alone. Says Nan Hunter, a staff attorney for the American Civil Liberties Union: "The antibody test is not like other medical blood tests. People don't lose their jobs because they have B-positive blood."

Another and more immediate reason mandatory testing will not work, according to many researchers, is that the results of the blood test most commonly administered can be misleading. A positive result on the ELISA (for enzyme-linked immunosorbent assay) screening test means that an individual has been exposed to the AIDS virus and has developed antibodies to it, not necessarily that a person has—or will fall victim to—the disease. Scientists assume, but have not proved, that those who test positive are still carrying the virus and can transmit it. Moreover, additional testing is needed to confirm a positive result. Negative results can also be deceiving. Since the virus apparently takes from six to twelve weeks to provoke antibody production, an individual may have been exposed and still not show antibodies.

The annual cost of all this testing, including the ELISA, confirmation tests and counseling, would probably be counted in the billions. But the personal and emotional costs of testing are immeasurable.

"The test tends to rip people's lives apart," says Dooley Worth, who leads a support group of high-risk women, many of them former intravenous drug users, in Manhattan. "I've even seen couples who are both negative break up because of questions raised from just getting the test." For those who test positive, the psychological effect is devastating. And critics of mass testing question the ethics of informing people who are practicing safe sex, like Student Souleles, that they have been exposed. "You're handing people an explosion in their lives," says Judith Cohen, a University of California at San Francisco epidemiologist. Says Souleles: "The risks outweigh the benefits of finding out. I can deal with it fine on this level."

A more positive approach, and one that will do more to stop the spread of the AIDS virus, say critics of testing, is education. "Our problem is not finding out who's infected," says New York Commissioner Joseph, "but educating everyone about the risks. Everyone—young, old, gay, straight—has to consider AIDS as a personal message." Pat Christen of the San Francisco AIDS Foundation agrees. "It's not up to me to test everyone to see that you don't get infected. It's up to you to protect yourself."

—By Amy Wilentz

Reported by Scott Brown/Los Angeles and Christine Gorman/New York

Behavior

They All Have High Hopes

A unique school develops the gifts of the mentally impaired

The idiot savant has a long tradition in the U.S., much of it as victim. A typical 19th century savant, Tom Beethune was sightless and barely able to grunt monosyllables. But he had the ability to play complicated classical piano pieces by ear, and promoters exhibited him in vaudeville as an amusing freak. Since that time, savants—retarded and autistic people who have inexplicable gifts, usually in art, mathematics and music—have been the objects of diversion and exploitation. But at a unique institution called Hope University in Anaheim, Calif., they are being trained to reveal their surprising gifts and develop self-confidence. Some have multiple handicaps. Paul Kuehn, for example, is blind, yet he has the ability to reproduce and create music and is one of the stars of a school group, the Hi Hopes, who have sung to thunderous applause at concerts from Disneyland and Las Vegas to the White House lawn and the stage of Opryland.

Kuehn and 37 other young adults owe their progress to a dynamic 62-year-old school secretary turned educator. Recalls Doris Walker: "I was a little old lady in tennis shoes to my classmates when I went back to college to get a degree in special education." With her new teaching certificate in hand, she took over a public school special-education class in Buena Park, Calif. Twelve years later, in 1980, she founded Hope University—Unico National College for the Gifted Mentally Retarded. Despite the grand title, the institution is located in two cramped rooms behind a shopping center. Still, says Walker, "we have a good beginning, and I have big plans." Among them: a new building with 22 classrooms to be funded by Unico National, the Italian-American service organization that has adopted the school as one of its charities.

The college's slogan is "adult education through the fine arts." As Walker explains it, "We want to develop the whole person, and we use the elements of performance, music education, music therapy, drama, dance and art to enable our students to achieve new awareness, personal growth and change in their

lives." She developed her approach while at Buena Park, where one of her students, Kuehn, was considered autistic and virtually untrainable. During a music period she mumbled under her breath, "Now what key do we do this song in?" Kuehn correctly piped up, "Key of G." His vocal training began immediately and gave rise to the first Hi Hopes group.

A few years later Gary Ahearn sat



Teacher Doris Walker and her talented group
Achieving a new awareness and changing their lives

down at the organ in a Los Angeles special-education classroom. Facing the keyboard for the first time, he played an imperfect but recognizable version of Liszt's *Liebestraume*. A teacher brought him to Walker, and today he plays eight instruments. Like Ahearn, the students at Hope University have learned emotional and physical control through music and art instruction. Indeed, Hope's program has been so successful that many students now hold part-time jobs.

Walker believes that such potentially productive students could fill schools like Hope University across the U.S. She has a point: savants are of growing interest to psychologists. Leon Miller, an associate professor of psychology at the University of Illinois at Chicago, feels that "few researchers have looked at mental retardation in a fine-grain fashion. They haven't gone into the heads of the kids." Psychol-

ogist Bernard Rimland, of the Institute for Child Behavior Research in San Diego, notes, "It isn't surprising that we don't understand much about these aberrations. We haven't even begun to understand how the normal brain functions."

Researchers, however, have been making some progress. Darold Treffert, a psychiatrist in Fond du Lac, Wis., who is a nationally recognized expert on savants, points out that sophisticated tools like computerized scans have improved methods for investigating the functions of the brain. Reading and language ability seem to be controlled by the left side of the brain; art, music and mathematics by the right. Says Treffert: "The skills of the savants are generally right-brain skills, and we know that in many cases of savants there is left-brain damage." He explains, "We think now that the right brain tends to over-develop in order to compensate for left-brain injury or other prenatal influences that cause underdevelopment of the left side."

Treffert is studying an autistic patient who can listen to a 45-minute opera tape and then play it on the piano and sing it flawlessly. In New York, interest has centered on William Britt, 53, who lived for many years in an institution on Staten Island for the mentally retarded. Britt is attending a community college and has had two one-man shows of his paintings. In Connecticut, one 31-year-old man, diagnosed as autistic when a child, has become a gifted pianist. In Baton Rouge, La., Kathy Dial, a child with severe brain damage, has a vocal repertoire of some 300 songs.

The gifts of the savants, writes Neurologist Oliver Sacks, author of *The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat*, can be a "quality that takes one aback." He says, "Often the severely retarded have plenty of potential if educated right," but adds, "The question is, What constitutes right? The mental language of each person is different." Nevertheless, the parents of Hope University students take heart at the ways Walker and her small staff are developing talent and self-confidence. As one father, University of California Biology Professor Howard Lenhoff, puts it, "The one thing that worries every parent of a retarded child is what will happen to them after we die. Developing our daughter's music and teaching her to perform it in public have given her an option she did not have before."

Los Angeles

By Edwin M. Reingold/

Science

Superconductivity Heats Up

Breakthroughs in transmitting electricity without energy loss

At the University of Alabama in Huntsville, physicists last month placed a chip of a green, brittle compound inside a thermos-like container, doused it with frigid liquid nitrogen and sent an electric current through it. As the temperature dropped, they took careful measurements of the compound's electrical resistance—its opposition to the passage of current.

Suddenly, at 93 Kelvin (-292° F), the resistance dropped precipitously. The substance had become a superconductor, able to transmit current with virtually no loss of energy. "We were so excited and so nervous that our hands were shaking," says Physicist Maw-kuen Wu. "At first we were suspicious that it was an error."

Not so. Wu's group, under the direction of University of Houston Physicist Paul C.W. Chu, had achieved the phenomenon of superconductivity at a higher temperature than ever before. And the National Science Foundation announced last week that Chu's Houston lab had pushed that temperature 5° higher—to 98 K. Under such conditions—far less extreme than those required only a few years ago—superconducting technology might eventually become inexpensive and even commonplace. Possible applications: superconducting cables that could transmit electricity from a power plant to a distant city with essentially no energy loss; practical versions of trains that "fly" just above their tracks at hundreds of miles an hour, cushioned on magnetic fields; more widespread use of magnetic resonance imaging machines, which take sharp pictures of the soft tissues of the body. Says Northwestern University Physicist Arthur Freeman: "A barrier has been broken. It's exciting for the physics community and for mankind as a whole."

Superconductivity was discovered in 1911, when Dutch Physicist Heike Onnes cooled the element mercury to near absolute zero (0 Kelvin, or -460° F) and discovered that it had lost its resistance to electric current. Since then more than two dozen chemical elements and hundreds of compounds have been found to be superconductors near that tempera-

ture extreme. The only practical way to make something that cold is to bathe it in liquid helium, which exists only at temperatures below 4 K. But helium is rare, and expensive to liquefy. Even so, the efficiency of electromagnets wound with superconducting wires is so great that in certain situations the expense is justified.

For example, giant particle accelerators require extremely powerful magnets to keep the particles confined to a circular



Physicist Chu holds a tweezeful of the world's warmest superconductor
"It could almost be like the discovery of electricity."

track as they move at nearly the speed of light. At Fermilab, near Chicago, the world's most powerful accelerator, known as Tevatron, uses more than 1,000 superconducting magnets cooled with liquid helium at a cost of \$5 million a year. But the efficiency of the magnets saves Fermilab an estimated \$185 million annually in electric energy costs. The superconducting super collider, a mammoth accelerator 52 miles in circumference, endorsed last month by President Reagan for completion in the 1990s at a projected cost of between \$4 billion and \$6 billion, will use 10,000 superconducting magnets and save nearly \$600 million annually.

In most uses, however, the cost of liquid helium outweighs the benefits of superconducting technology. For that reason, scientists have long searched for a compound that would become a superconductor at less extreme temperatures—particularly above 77 K (-320° F), the point at which nitrogen gas liquefies. Reason: nitrogen is a common gas and costs no more than a tenth as much in liquid form as heli-

um. In fact, says Iowa State University Physicist Douglas Finnemore, liquid nitrogen, priced as low as a nickel a liter, is a "heck of a lot cheaper than beer."

The much sought-after goal proved to be elusive. In the early 1970s scientists found an alloy of niobium and germanium that lost all resistance at 23 K. Then, last April, a group at the IBM Zurich Research Laboratory in Switzerland announced development of a compound of barium, lanthanum, copper and oxygen that appeared to begin the transition to superconductivity at 35 K.

In October the Zürichers confirmed their result, which other researchers duplicated and then tried to beat. A slow-moving branch of physics became a horse race as laboratories around the world attempted to push temperatures higher. Last week's announcement does not end the competition. Says Paul Fleury, director of AT&T Bell Laboratories' Physical Research Laboratory: "It took physicists 75 years to raise superconductivity temperatures by 19°. We have more than doubled that in the last 75 days. We're now dealing with new science, and we don't know what the upper limits are."

Chu foresees a balmy 120 K within a few months, and does not rule out superconductors that could operate at 300 K (room temperature). University of Illinois Physicist John Bardeen, who shared the Nobel Prize in 1972 for his part in explaining the quantum-mechanical basis of superconductivity, agrees that there is no theoretical reason precluding higher temperature superconductors. But he says, "finding materials with the right combination of properties is tricky." Admits Chu: "There was a bit of serendipity involved."

Chu will describe the new material and details of how it was developed in an upcoming issue of *Physical Review Letters*, but the University of Houston has already applied for a patent on both product and process. If it is granted, Chu stands to share in the profits, which could be large. "It's phenomenal—we're excited," says Robert Jake of American Magnetics, a manufacturer of superconducting magnets. "But it will take several years of research and development to make it feasible for commercial application." When such applications come, says Chu, they will make clear the significance of his discovery: "I think it could almost be like the discovery of electricity."

—By Michael D. Lemonick

"It is resistance that converts electric energy into heat, as in the coils of an electric heater."

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Genetic Clues

A DNA test for Alzheimer's

Among the afflictions of old age, Alzheimer's is a particular affront. The degenerative mental condition, which affects some 2 million people in the U.S., robs its victims of their dignity and renders them helpless. They become confused, lose track of time and are eventually unable to recognize spouses and other loved ones. Physiologically, Alzheimer's manifests itself in the form of abnormal protein deposits in the brain. But the reason these insidious tangles and plaques build up remains unknown.

Last week an international team led by scientists at Massachusetts General Hospital and the National Institutes of Health announced in the journal *Science* that they had discovered an important clue to the mystery. Aware that at least 10%—and perhaps as many as 70%—of Alzheimer's cases are inherited, the researchers began analyzing the DNA from four large families that had one thing in common: a history of the disease stretching back over many generations. After three years of work, they isolated two genetic markers, or molecular signposts, on chromosome 21 that are located close to the still unknown gene responsible for the inherited form of the disease. "The identification of these markers overcomes a major hurdle," says M.G.H. Neurogeneticist James Gusella, who directed the research. "This is the first step toward the identification of the primary cause of the disease." (Gusella has another claim to fame: he headed the group that in 1983 found the long-sought marker for Huntington's disease.)

The scientists had focused on chromosome 21 because of its connection with Down's syndrome, a genetic defect that is the nation's leading cause of mental retardation. Most Down's victims have three copies of this chromosome rather than the normal two, and by age 40 their symptoms often include the now familiar protein deposits in the brain.

Within the past two weeks four separate groups of researchers disclosed that they had isolated a gene, also on chromosome 21, that is responsible for the protein in the deposits. The proximity of the markers to the gene suggests either that the protein, which is called amyloid, is the cause of Alzheimer's or that the amyloid gene lies in the vicinity of the gene responsible for the inherited form of the disease.

If further research proves that the amyloid protein is the cause of Alzheimer's rather than just a symptom of the disorder, researchers could begin the search for a drug to curb its production. The markers found by Gusella's team could lead to even more immediate results: isolation of the gene that causes familial Alzheimer's. And this would enable doctors to identify some victims of the disease before their symptoms appear. ■



Greek motor ship *Maro* passing through a Panama Canal lock

Environment

Trouble Ahead for the Canal?

Deforestation in Panama may bring on a water shortage

Seventy-three years after it opened to link the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, the Panama Canal remains one of the engineering marvels of the world. At one end of the 50-mile-long waterway, the 10,000 ships that traverse it annually are lifted 85 ft. above sea level by a series of locks, enabling them to sail through the mountainous spine of the Panama Isthmus. When they reach the opposite coast, another set of locks floats them gently back down to the ocean.

The operation of these aquatic elevators consumes a prodigious amount of fresh water. Each time a ship passes through the canal, some 52 million gallons must be pumped into the locks and then, after the ship has passed, flushed out to sea. "The locks are like giant water closets," explains an official of the Panama Canal Commission. "Once you pull the chain, you never see the water again."

For years the source of that water seemed inexhaustible. Much of it comes from 165-sq.-mi., dam-created Gatun Lake, through which the ships pass on their route across the isthmus. Most of the remainder is tapped from nearby Madden Lake, formed in 1935 (also by damming) to provide an additional reservoir of water for the dry season. But now a 375-page report by Stanley Heckadon Moreno, an environmentalist at Panama's Ministry of Planning, has raised a startling worry about the canal's future: it may be running short of water.

One problem is that the dense tropical rain forest that blanketed the 1,300-sq.-mi. watershed around the route of the canal has been disappearing at an alarming

pace, cut away by farmers. By 1950 some 20% of the forest had been cut. Now more than 70% has vanished, and about 800 acres of the remainder is being cleared every year.

Once the trees are gone, denuded slopes are eroded by rainfall, which has been washing soil into 20-sq.-mi. Madden Lake at the rate of half a million tons a year. A study by Hydrologist Luis Alvarado of the Panama Canal Commission shows that silt accumulating at the bottom of the lake has reduced its storage capacity by 5%. By the year 2000 the loss could be as high as 10%, and by 2020 nearly 20%.

The threat to the canal may be worsened by another consequence of deforestation. According to Donald Windsor of the Smithsonian Tropical Research Institute, the average annual rainfall in central Panama has decreased by as much as 10% since the turn of the century. "Because of deforestation," he says, "there is less evapotranspiration." And because less water rises into the air in vapor form, less returns in the form of rainfall.

Despite these dire projections, the Panama Canal Commission has reacted coolly. Says David Baerg, the group's environmental and energy-control officer: "We are not in a crisis situation, where things have to be changed immediately." Heckadon disagrees. He has called for the formation of a body like the Tennessee Valley Authority to take charge of the watershed and begin enforcing conservation of the remaining rain forest. "If we don't start acting now," he says, "in 15 years or so we might start having problems." —By John Borrell/*Panama City*

Show Business

COVER STORY

Bette Steals Hollywood

The Divine Miss M is a movie star at last

The lady knows how to make an entrance. On New Year's Eve, 1972, she was borne onstage at Manhattan's Lincoln Center in a sedan chair with the drapes closed, one leg peeking through to salute the audience; at midnight she returned in a diaper as Baby 1973. She has emerged from a giant mollusk in a Polynesian bikini; walked on in a cunning knee-length frankfurter costume, mustard streaked down her front; raced across the proscenium in a mermaid's spangled fin and a motorized wheelchair; wowed crowds with her renowned mammary-balloon ballet. So what can she do for a 1987 encore? Strut into her hit movie, *Outrageous Fortune*, abuse a defenseless pay phone and insist, "Gimme back my bleepin' quarta!" Hollywood may be far from Broadway, but for Bette Midler it's just another opening, another show.

She has always put on a great show, but until recently it has been mostly onstage, not onscreen. At the dawn of her solo career 15 years ago, Bette (rhymes with pet, sweat, coquette and martinet but never regret) declared her intention to become a "legend." She made good on the boast with a song-and-comedy act that elicited raucous laughs and heaving sobs on both sides of the footlights. She was the Callas of Camp, peppering her program with naughty jokes in the spirit of Mae West and Sophie Tucker. Midler's good-timely raunch made her famous as the Divine Miss M, a creature she once described as embodying "everything you were afraid your little girl would grow up to—and your little boy." The image obscured her rightful claim as the most dynamic and poignant singer-actress of her time: a 5-ft. 1-in. Statue of Libido carrying a torch with a blue flame. Her phrasings were as witty as Streisand's, her dredgings of a tormented soul as profound as Aretha's, her range wider than all comers'.

Adulation and awards were never a problem. She coped a Grammy as Best New Artist in 1973. Her 1979 LP, *The Rose*, went platinum. In 1983 she even found a perch on the best-seller lists with her children's book *The Saga of Baby Divine*. But what, these days, becomes a legend most? The one little item that eluded Bette Midler: movie stardom. Her galvanizing turn in *The Rose*, as a soulful thrush on the high wire of drugs, sex and rock 'n' roll, earned the actress raves and an Oscar nomination and—precisely no film offers. Her next star role, in the black-and-blue comedy *Jinxed* (1982), provided the occasion for scuffles, snarky reviews and, for Midler, a nervous breakdown. *Jinxed*, indeed. It was three years before she made another film.

That was when a performer considered damaged goods teamed up with a studio aching for mainstream success. Bette Midler made three comedies for Walt



Disney Studios. *Zinnng!* A sprinkle of stardust, and here comes the happy ending, one as unlikely as the transformation of a white elephant into a soaring Dumbo. Her first, *Down and Out in Beverly Hills*, was tenth among 1986's box-office winners; the next, *Ruthless People*, ranked eighth. *Outrageous Fortune* has earned more than \$25 million in the first 25 days of release. The cheeky trio made Disney a major movie studio and Midler Hollywood's top female attraction. Rhapsodizes Jeffrey Katzenberg, chairman of Walt Disney Studios, who recently signed her to a three-picture production deal: "Bette Midler is the single greatest asset as a performer we have." *Assets?* You Bette! You're the company's

The Divine Miss M at the Palace theater in Paris, 1978, and the mellow Mrs. Martin von Haselberg in her home above Beverly Hills





hottest female star since Minnie Mouse. "She has everything she ever wanted," notes Bruce Vilanch, who writes Bette's "Sophie" jokes. "things she didn't even realize she wanted and didn't set out to get." Two things, anyway: a doting husband as dotty as she is and a three-month-old daughter. Of Martin von Haselberg, 38, a commodities trader who has converted as a performance artist under the name Harry Kipper. Midler declares, "He sees to the heart of things. He respects and supports what I do. And he leads me, too, when I lose my way." Now listen to the new mom, 41, on the subject of Sophie ("not for Sophie Tucker") Frederica ("for my father Fred") Alohilani ("Hawaiian for 'bright sky,' which is what I always wish for her") von Haselberg: "I adore her. Her face swims before me when she's not there, and I think about her before I go to sleep at night and I dream about her. And I wake up and I can't wait to see her." Miss M never delivered two more fervent monologues.

In commemoration of all she has given and, lately, received, the world's top singer-dancer-comedian-songwriter-actress-author-survivor-thriving-dynamo-divinity deserves some special prize. The Tony isn't tony enough. The Nobel Prize wouldn't be noble enough. And so to you, Bette Midler, the academy of your admirers is pleased to present its Life Achievement Award for the body of your work. And the work of your body.

As chanteuse or bawd, in concerts or movies, Midler has put her body to non-stop work. Harnessing the energy of some Rube Goldberg perpetual-motion machine, prancing on those fine filly legs like the winner of the strumpet's marathon. Bette uses her body as an inexhaustible source of sight gags. She shimmies it: twists it, upends it to reveal polka-dot bloomers. In 1978 at the London Palladium she flashed the front of it; at Harvard she exposed the rear. She has made a cottage industry of her buxom bosom. In the 1985 album *Mud Will Be Flung Tonight*, she confesses that she once consulted a postage scale to determine just how heavy her breasts were, and "I won't tell you how much they weigh, but it cost \$87.50 to send 'em to Brazil. Third class."

Such jokes—delivered, as all her slings are, with a great guileless smile—fulfill the tradition of the defiant female wit, alive with innuendo, that stretches from the Wife of Bath to Belle Barth. They also tend to obscure Midler's unique talent. Yes, she coos bedroom ballads like *Long John Blues*; sure, her charts tease five decades of popular music with the wink of parody. But her laser-precise technique is no counterfeit of feeling. It is the art of the Method singer, who approaches a song as an actor does his text: finding the heft of a melodic line, trolling for the truth in a lyric, daring to shift emotional gears without stripping them. She is a demon explorer, possessed by music.

The actress-singer orchestrates her vocal versatility and preternatural empa-

Bette In her many movie moods. Clockwise from top: collapsing on the tarmac with Alan Bates; smiling through with Richard Dreyfuss and Nick Nolte; barely beating the bad guys with Shelley Long; taking it all out on the Exercycle; glooming with Ken Wahl



Jinxed

thy to slip inside the spirit of each song. Performing the title tune from *The Rose*, the lovely mantra of regeneration that has become Bette's *Over the Rainbow*, she sings in her own haunting alto. But she can go seductively nasal for *E Street Shuffle*, chickily bonkers for *Twisted*, brassy and clinging for her evocations of the low-biz Songstresses Vicki Eydie and Dolores De Lago. Midler's most powerful number, *Stay with Me* (best heard on the soundtrack album of her 1980 concert film, *Dinner at Madison*), is the plea of a woman to her departing lover. Her mood is desperate; her sexual pride has been flayed raw. She can only beg and scream. Bette scorches the soul with this one. In six minutes she wrings out herself and the song, and mops up the audience as well. Her cover versions of all these songs make the originals sound like demo tapes.



The Rose



Ruthless People

For once the bromide may be true: you don't learn songs like *Stay with Me*, you have to have lived them. This woman has a right to sing the blues. To hear her story is to find autobiography in every Midler song, and tragedy as the punch line. All that love, drive and desperation in her voice had to come from somewhere. Most of it came from Honolulu.

Fred Midler, a civilian house painter for the Navy, and his wife Ruth moved there from Paterson, N.J., in the late '30s. Ruth named Bette, the third of her four children, after Bette Davis. "My mother was, oh, stunning," Bette recalls, "and very hardworking. She sewed beautifully. She made all our clothes for years, until my parents discovered the Salvation Army. We were really poor. We didn't have a TV or a telephone until the late '50s. We lived in subsidized housing in the middle of



Down and Out in Beverly Hills



Outrageous Fortune

sugarcane fields." Most of the families in the neighborhood were Samoan, Japanese, Hawaiian, Chinese. Bette's family were the only whites.

"My father was a bit of a tyrant," Bette recalls. "He would flush the girls' makeup down the toilet. He'd lock my sister Susan out of the house when she came home too late. He taught my younger brother Daniel, who is brain damaged, to read and write by hammering and screaming at him until he got it. Every afternoon. None of us wanted to be in the house. But Daniel did learn, and it's made a big difference in his life. It gave him freedom. My father always thought I was a little odd. He never chose to see me perform—except on *Johnny Carson*. He said I looked like a loose woman. My mother, on the other hand, thought I could do no wrong. One night she sneaked out to see *The Rose*, and she

thought it was wonderful. She died the next year, of liver cancer. She had also had breast cancer, twice. My father died of heart trouble last May. It was too bad. It was just too bad.

Bette adored her older sisters. Susan is a health-care executive in New York City. Daniel lives with her. Judy, the eldest, was a brilliant, unhappy girl. She came to New York and, Bette says, "in 1968, as she was walking along 44th Street, a car came out of a garage and killed her. I was the only family member in town. I had to go to the morgue and identify the body. I don't think my mother ever recovered from the shock. It was a very bad time in our lives."

Ruth was the artistic goad to her girls. She gave them hula lessons and encouraged them to see musicals. Bette's solo de-

but came in first grade: *Silent Night* won her a prize. "After that you couldn't stop me from singing," she says. "I'd sing *Lullaby of Broadway* at the top of my lungs in the tin shower—it had a really good reverb. People used to gather outside to call up requests or yell that I was lousy." When she was twelve, Bette was taken to see her first stage show, *Carousel*. "I couldn't get over how beautiful it was. I fell so in love with it. Everything else in my life receded once I discovered theater, and my mother was all for my starting on this journey and going full speed ahead. When I was the lead in the junior-class play, she brought a bouquet of roses and presented them to me over the footlights."

Seven years later Ruth's girl hit New York City. Right away she met Tom Eyen, author of such plays as *Sarah B. Divine!* and *Who Killed My Bald Sister Sophie?*, and started working for him, soon graduating to dizzy-bimbo-leads. From Eyen she learned about camp. From the East Village Soubrette Black-Eyed Susan, she picked up the retro-chic '30s look. She bought an old velvet dress and coat and started singing songs from the period. Busy Bette: By day she was auditioning or scavenging for obscure sheet music (truly obscure to Bette: she couldn't read music). By night she was appearing in the chorus, then as the eldest daughter, in *Fiddler on the Roof*. After the show she would sing at any club that would have her. And every spare moment she would study records of Bessie Smith, Ruth Etting, Libby Holman and Aretha Franklin, the adored elder sisters of Bette's vocal style. And when two bigger clubs—the Improvisation and Continental Baths—called, Miss M was ready to become Divine.

"Originally," she says, "in my velvet dress with my hair pulled back and my eyelashes waxed, I was convinced I was a torch singer. Because the Improv was a comedy club, I had to be a little bit funny, so I added chatter between songs. There I was, singing my ballads and crying the mascara off my eyes, and in the next breath telling whatever lame joke I'd just heard. By the time I got to the Baths, I had 20 minutes of material but needed 50. So I had to wing it. The Baths was gay, gay, gay in a heartfelt way. The guys would check their clothes, get towels and sit on the floor. They thought my show was *fab*-ulous. So eventually the big brassy broad beat the crap out of the little torch singer and took over."

Bette's pianist and arranger was young Barry Manilow, just a few years short of his own, more comfortable stardom. Their first rehearsals were "nothing special, almost dull," as Manilow recalls them. "I played and she sang. But then we did it in front of an audience. She came downstairs in this turban and an outfit that could have come from my grandmother's closet. She was a tornado of energy and talent. I was six feet away, and this vision was one of the thunderbolts in my life." Another fan-mentor, Aaron Russo, signed on as Midler's manager in 1971, while she was still at the Baths, and they briefly were lov-

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ers. Their eight-year affiliation was productive and destructive: they were two strong wills making success possible and life miserable. "Aaron began booking me into theaters," Bette says. "and lo and behold, I was a big success. For our first full revue, we had our backup trio, the Harlettes, and a great band and girls in tap-dancing clothes and the jukebox and the mannequins and King Kong. It just blew me away!" Bette was a Broadway star.

But Russo dreamed bigger still. "From the beginning," he says now, "I knew the screen could take this little person with the enormous talent and show her off in a big way." But no project seemed right. So they resurrected *Pearl*, a script about Janis Joplin, and had it rewritten. Midler says, "as a homage to all those men and women who bit the dust from sheer compulsion." That was *The Rose*. "I had a ball! I couldn't wait each day to strap on that angst bag and chew up that scenery. I thought it was my best work." Seen today, *The Rose* looks ragged, with dramatic longueurs randomly interspersed with explosions, but that is part of its surly authenticity. And Midler, deglamorized as Joplin and vulnerable as her own private self, creates a gorgeous image of tenuous stardom as the dying Rose waves away the hands guiding her and, revived by the audience's electricity, propels herself onstage for her last performance.

A European tour following the filming of *The Rose* in 1979 provoked one last fight



Holding Baby Sophie: "I adore her"

with Russo, and Midler was on her own. She chose a jokey film noir script called *Jinxed*; she chose the director Don Siegel and her co-star Ken Wahl. The brass at United Artists, then tiptoeing through the rubble of *Heaven's Gate*, was turning to Midler to make decisions. And the creative team, vexed at her power, turned on her. There were shoving matches and walkouts. It was a sorry time. In retrospect, Midler

notes, "I feel I've had my revenge. What goes around comes around." Translation: Siegel's and Wahl's careers have treadmilled, while Bette's has escalated. But Hollywood seemed not to know what to do with its unconventional star. Says *Rose* Director Mark Rydell: "She didn't fail us. The film business failed her."

Bette, better, best—bested. *Jinxed* defeated her. Dr. Tour exhausted her. "Bette is easily bruised," says Tour Director Jerry Blatt. "She couples incredible toughness with great softness. You feel she could creak, crumble at any minute." And busted: something like a nervous breakdown ensued. "I couldn't face the world," she recalls. "I slept all day and cried all night. I was drinking to excess. I was miserable." Then, as if in a Hollywood musical (not *The Rose*), love found Bette Midler. "When I was at my lowest point," Bette says, "Harry called me up out of the blue. This was October of 1984, and in two months we were married" (see box).

Harry-Martin has his own unusual saga. His parents fled Germany for South America upon Hitler's accession to power. Martin grew up in Germany and London, went boho in the late '60s and met young Brian Routh at a suburban London drama school. With that meeting, the Kipper Kids were born. In their act, which they have toured, on and mostly off, for 17 years, Martin and Brian play the same character: Harry Kipper, a working-class lad with a big chin. Both Harrys work

Marriage Vegas-Style

It was love at second sight for Bette Midler and her beau, the suave Martin von Haselberg, a.k.a. Harry Kipper. Within two months of their initial date, they were married in a ceremony worthy of the Divine Miss M. Here are the nuptials as Midler described them to TIME Correspondent Denise Worrell:

Harry and I decided on a Monday to get married on a Saturday. And so we did. It was just like that. We drove to Las Vegas and arrived very late at night. Yet there must have been 200 couples in the line for licenses. So we checked into the wedding suite at Caesars Palace and changed clothes. I was wearing a grayish-blue chiffon dress that I had bought for our first formal date together, a movie premiere. It cost a fortune, but I really wanted to impress Harry. And that's what I wore. My dress was very boom-boom—it had strings of beads hanging down—and I made a nice racket walking down the aisle. I wore a pair of silver shoes I'd bought. And I carried a beautiful bouquet. It's dried now and hanging next to a picture of Harry in our bedroom. Yeah, we're sops. We're really soppy.



Blissful in L.A. with Martin

By this time it was 2 o'clock in the morning, and we got our marriage license. We wound up at the Candlelight Wedding Chapel. We put on a sound-track tape of Fellini's *Juliet of the Spirits* and walked down the aisle. The fellow started reading the service; it was really quite moving. We both got teary-eyed at the part about the gold ring. At the end the guy said he liked my work—and did I know he was an Elvis impersonator? I said no. I didn't know he was an Elvis impersonator. He told us he was very popular and had recorded some AC music. I explained to Harry that the guy meant Adult Contemporary or Easy Listening, depending on which coast you were on. As we left the chapel, he promised he would send us his single.

We were both terribly nervous. I didn't know what the hell I was doing. I looked over at him, and the enormity of it just hit me. I thought, "Oh, my God!" After all, we hardly knew each other. It was quite a shock. The next day we drove home, and there he was in his house. And there I was in my house. We had never lived together. And do you know what happened two days later? It was around Christmastime, and because we'd already planned it, I went to see my father in Honolulu, and he went to see his in Germany. So we didn't really have a honeymoon.

Show Business

in jockstraps and false noses: they mime show tunes in parody form and smear each other with chocolate and luminescent paint. "The show is very scatological," Martin notes, "but in a childish way. People love it."

Bette has never seen Martin as a Kipper, but then he has never seen her as the Divine Miss M. Indeed, he had never heard Bette's music when they met briefly in 1982, two years before they fell in love. As Harry remembers their first date, it was "just sort of instantaneous. We knew we were meant for each other." Bette seconds the wisdom of impulse. "We were two people who—had in his sphere and I in mine—had sown quite a few wild oats. But even before our marriage, there was something about Harry and the relationship that made me feel trusting and safe. He is so stabilizing. Now all my friends want to marry Harry Kipper so they can have a fabulous life like mine."

At the time of the wedding, though, her career was not quite fabulous. "I would whine to Harry," Bette says. "Why can't I get a job? What's wrong with me?" And he asked what I really wanted to do: Singing? Comedy? I realized I didn't care that much about singing anymore. Nobody else seemed to like it either. But I knew they liked me when I was funny. I said, 'I think my best work is my funny work. And if I could, I'd like to be the funniest woman in the world.' He said, 'Go make a comedy album.' And that was *Mud Will Be Flung Tonight*."

The album made ripples and giggles, but in movies Midler was still a could-have-been, a never-quite-was. Then Director Paul Mazursky phoned, and Bette says, "It was like a call from the gods. It's like *I'll Cry Tomorrow*—it's so Lillian Roth I can't stand it." In *Down and Out in Beverly Hills* Midler played a fat-mad wife whose latest crush is on a derelict. As the kid-napped wife in *Ruthless People*, she has fun hitting the abrasive high notes, being sly and spiteful one moment, shedding warm tears of self-pity the next. And she gives good time in *Outrageous Fortune*, playing a floozie on the run with her boyfriend's other girlfriend. She shakes her patented sass and looks terrific in green nail polish and four-inch heels. She is also typecast in these films: as a two-dimensional harridan who, through camaraderie and mother wit, finds new depth in the third dimension. They do not stretch Bette; they shrink her to farce-size roles.

Midler is a trouper pleased to have joined the big smooth circus. But she is careful to keep stardom in perspective. She calls *Beverly Hills* a "happy experi-

ence. Plus they gave me the underwear my character wore. The furniture was what really stayed me, but I didn't get that. But I did get the bras." Nor does she make many distinctions among her three recent hits. "Was it *Outrageous Fortune* in *Beverly Hills*? The films have certainly indicated a direction to stay in. The whole package is a surprise: to be a box-office success hand in hand with *Divine*. A real shocker. I mean, Walt Disney never would have hired me."

Lounging in her Beyond Tasteful Mediterranean-style house above Beverly Hills, the supine Miss M looks and be-

talk, dumping it into the garbage pail."

The new mother is preoccupied with the chain of continuity that gurgles in her lap. Bette has just noticed that Sophie's ears, like little wings on her bald head, resemble those of Ruth Midler's as a child. Bette softens and tenses as she talks of never appreciating her mother's sacrifice. "When my baby was born," she says, "I was so tired, I kept thinking, 'How did she do it? How could she raise four children and still be standing?' I finally got the message, but it was too late."

Bette tries to be both tickled and modest about her mainstream celebrity. "I

really don't even feel I deserve all this," she says earnestly. "I have been a very lucky girl. Now I'm working and doing good work and loving it. I'm not going to say 'Woe is me.' I can't. I'm too happy that anybody noticed I had any talent at all. But I would make a wonderful Lady Macbeth. I'll wear a pair of platform shoes or something." Instead of Shakespeare, though, she is preparing yet another comedy, *Big Business*, in which she and Lily Tomlin play mismatched sets of identical twins for *Ruthless People* Director Jim Abrahams. And in the haze of hope, a musical biography of Ina Ray Hutton, '40s leader of her all-girl band. And maybe a remake of *Gypsy*, with Bette as Mama Rose. Possibly even a *Divine Miss M* movie. But for now, no albums or concert tours.

Fettered Bette is better than Bette at all, we guess. But why should she not do what she does uniquely well? Perhaps because Hollywood just now does not care to see the blowzy, pug-beautiful singer, alone and proud on the screen. Instead it wants a Bette Midler like the woman she plays in *Ruthless People*: bound and blindfolded and sending out danger signals. Illuminating

these undemanding comedies uses about one green fingernail's worth of her gift.

Fans are greedy, possessive creatures who demand too much of their idol: that she stay faithful to the first blinding image of herself, that she stand forever in its winking light. Bette Midler may figure she has paid her dues as an entertainer and earned a paid vacation in the movies. Why shouldn't she be happy to trade in the enervating risk of a solo act on the road for the cozy virtues of family, familiarity and the Hollywood version of a steady job? The star that shines can shine on; the star that burns may burn out. And any woman with a right to sing the blues has the privilege to sing a lullaby instead. O.K., divine Mrs. Von H., but do us a little favor. Sing it in public. —By Richard Corliss, Reported by Mary Cronin/New York and Elaine Dutka and Denise Worrell/Los Angeles



Early glimpses: a 1972 studio pose; inset, at two
A sprinkle of stardust, and here comes the happy ending.

haves not at all like the Divine One. The Amazonian figure that fills the most capacious theater proves to be a miniature, magnified by stagecraft and star quality. Shopping or seeing a movie, she can easily go unrecognized. Out of the limelight, says Bonnie Bruckheimer-Martell, Bette's friend and partner in All Girl Productions, "she's basically shy. She'd never think of wearing anything low cut. She calls herself a librarian." No dust on this star's bookshelves. "She's a cleanliness freak," notes Bruckheimer-Martell. "She calls herself Harriet Craig, after the Joan Crawford character who was constantly cleaning." Manilow recalls Bette's perfectionism, "from neatness at home to the 95th take of a song. Once we were walking on a Chicago beach, deep in conversation. She kept picking up bottles and caps, all this crap in the middle of our heavy

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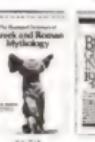
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Don't Put Your Drama Onscreen

Three recent plays get torpedoed on their way to the movies

Let the mid-cult trumpets be raised: Hollywood is stagestruck again. *Children of a Lesser God* corrals five Oscar nominations: *Crimes of the Heart* blossoms into a modest, megastar success; *Brighton Beach Memoirs* and 'night, Mother find their way to film. All of which means... very little. Perhaps that there is lower financial risk in stories with few characters and no special effects. Or that the ravenous appetite of the home-video market can be easily stoked with product that has proved its value in another venue. Or that moguls have decided to bankroll a few films with their wives in mind instead of their kids.

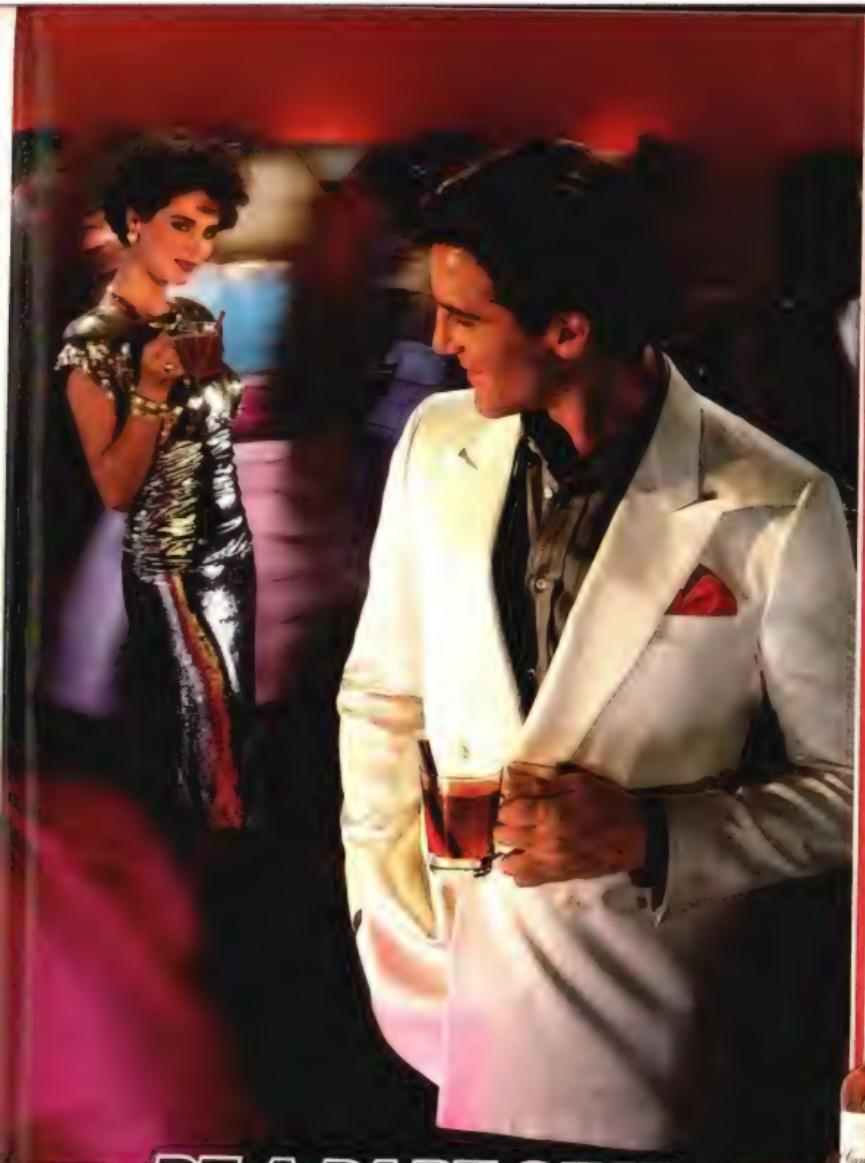
This trend too shall pass, as Hollywood rediscovers the dangerous differences between an art built on artifice and one that tilts toward realism. The theater's delicate conspiracy of pretense and believability can betray the most faithful filmmakers. In close-up gestures become italicized, speeches can sound like sermons, and a powerful actor can look like a ham going over the top. Everything gets "stagy." You can spot these fatal flaws in three plays that land on the big screen this month. The sound they make is *thud*.

84 Charing Cross Road, which played the West End and Broadway a few years ago, began as Helene Hanff's 1970 memoir of her 20-year mail-order affair with the London bookseller Marks & Co. Hanff, an aspiring Manhattan writer, never met Frank Doel, the antiquarian across the sea, yet their business correspondence about old books gradually took on the intimacy of love letters about literature. She described, with chatty eloquence, her sensuous safari through the world of words: he tracked down her requests with a consort's fond diligence.

This kind of material works best uncinematized—a radio play with its own gentle celluloid night-light. But Screenwriter Hugh Whitemore and Director David Jones have thrown in trips to Central Park, vignettes of the Doels doing house chores. And Anne Bancroft has provided Helene, a native of Pennsylvania, with a Noo Yawk accent that rasps on the ear. She hurls apostrophes to the walls and abuse at her typewriter. One sighs: Relax, Anne, you got the job. As Frank, though, Anthony Hopkins gets the job done. With shrewd understatement, he fills out the portrait of a man who demands much of himself but expects little from life. If the viewer expects little from *84 Charing Cross Road*, he will not be disappointed.

Like Frank Doel, Stephanie Anderson in *Duet for One* has the plucky, soldiering-on English temperament. Beneath it, however, is a violin virtuoso's rage at being felled by multiple sclerosis. The role, played on Broadway by Bancroft, now extracts one of Julie Andrews' strongest performances. Fighting the disease and its accompanying despair, stoking her own infidelity and her husband's, displaying the terminal patient's luxury of being both noble and bitter. Andrews transforms Tom Kempinski's case history into a metaphor for middle age. Stephanie could be any careerist facing a mid-life crisis of confidence—Is she at her peak or past it?—or the cripple any woman feels herself to be when her man goes randy after younger bodies and more pliant hearts. Andrews doesn't tear a passion to tatters; she uses it to stitch a coherent soul.

All else is a shambles. The director, Andrei Konchalovsky, has an unique gift for bringing out the worst in good actors.



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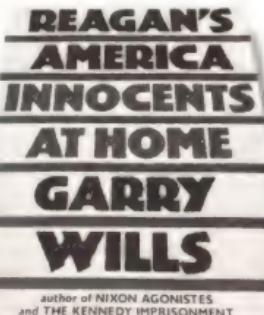
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front page, *New York Times*
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Alan Bates, as Stephanie's composer husband, looks goofy in a Beethoven haircut; Star Pupil Rupert Everett rants and sniffs; Macha Meril, as the Italian maid, provides her own subtitles in moments of distress ("Aiuto! Help!"). And finally the movie exonerates all the rats in Stephanie's life. She sees them happy and united and goes off to die by her favorite tree. *Duet for One* died long before.

And that was the good news. Of this trio of movie plays, *Beyond Therapy* brings the most severe disappointment because it held the most promise. Christopher Durang's 1981 play was a deft and rancorous parody of psychobabble. The comedically cast includes Jeff Goldblum, Julie Hagerty, Glenda Jackson, Tom Conti and



Bancroft in *84 Charing Cross Road*

Christopher Guest: Robert Altman is an estimable director poised for comeback. He even had an idea about opening up the action: by setting this postromantic comedy more or less simultaneously in Manhattan, with its memory of Philip Barry penthouse sophistication, and Paris, locale of many a clockwork farce about the sexual duplicity of the middle class.

But just everything goes wrong. Durang's sharpest dialogue is buried under layers of ambient sound. Scenes are diced until they lose all comic momentum. The cast moves like clubfooted puppets; they would be more fun if they had been photographed watching the Weather Channel. *Beyond Therapy* also suffers from something like pestilential bad timing. It is, after all, the story of a bisexual guy waffling between his mistress and his male lover Durang, who has made wondrous mock of such sacred institutions as Roman Catholicism, child rearing and the Hollywood musical, might have considered confronting the last taboo by updating his satire to the Age of AIDS. But no. The play has come to the screen inert and toxic, a poisonous time capsule.

—By Richard Corliss

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Books

The Gift of a Second Life

THE ENIGMA OF ARRIVAL by V.S. Naipaul. Knopf. 368 pages: \$17.95

Although it is called a novel, *The Enigma of Arrival* stretches the line between fiction and autobiography nearly to the vanishing point. The unnamed narrator is a writer in his mid-50s, an Indian and a Hindu, born in Trinidad, educated at Oxford, who has traveled extensively and lived most of his adult life in England. This person, in other words, is indistinguishable from V.S. Naipaul; and the personality, the tone of voice and cast of mind displayed here resemble the prose of Naipaul's nonfiction (*Among the Believers: India: A Wounded Civilization*) more closely than that of his other nine novels, including *Guerrillas* and *A Bend in the River*. Whether *The Enigma of Arrival* is literally true or an invention does not particularly matter. But readers who expect a work of pure narrative are in for a surprise.

Naipaul's 19th book yields its pleasures slowly. Its plot is essentially the passage of ten years, during which the writer lives in a cottage on the grounds of a Victorian-Edwardian manor in a Wiltshire valley within easy walking distance of Stonehenge and Salisbury Plain. In the beginning he arrives; at the end he goes. In between, this writer thereafter called, for the sake of convenience, Naipaul, thinks occasionally about the first 18 years of his life in Trinidad, "my insecure past," and the scholarship that took him to Oxford and England, "the other man's country." He reveals nothing about his university experiences and affluities only glancingly to the following 15 years he spent struggling to make his name as a writer. What engages, indeed mesmerizes, his attention is his sojourn in rural England, "this gift of the second life in Wiltshire, the second, happier childhood as it were, the second arrival (but with an adult's perception) at a knowledge of natural things, together with the fulfillment of the child's dream of the safe house in the wood."

Much of the drama in the book stems from the tensions generated when a sensitive grown-up finds himself living in a fantasy of his youth. Naipaul passionately annotates the splendor he observes surrounding the manor cottage: "The beauty of the place, the great love I had grown to feel for it, greater than for any other place I had known." Mixed with this euphoria, though, are some troubling recognitions. The writer cannot forget that he is an "alien" in this paradise, racially distinct, a former colo-

nial subject of the power and wealth that made such a place possible: "Fifty years ago there would have been no room for me on the estate; even now my presence was a little unlikely." Worse, having come upon the landscape of his dreams, Naipaul must also confront the intrusions of reality: "I had seen everything as a kind of perfection, perfectly evolved. But I had hardly begun to look, the land and its life had hardly begun to shape itself about me, when things began to change."

These alterations are recounted in meticulous detail. A neighbor, living in a cottage on farmland that once belonged to the estate, befriends the writer and lat-

er falls ill and dies; his carefully maintained garden declines into chaos. A large agricultural concern takes over the surrounding acreage for a while, introducing prefabricated buildings and modern equipment, and then fails; one of the workers hired for this enterprise murders his wife for her infidelity. A London radio personality and book reviewer, distantly related to Naipaul's reclusive landlord, commits suicide. The gardener, whose comings and goings helped the writer regulate his solitary days, is abruptly fired. The man who manages the manor dies suddenly of a stroke. Elms in the valley die out; beech trees near Naipaul's cottage must be cut down; two huge aspens are torn apart by heavy wind.

Naipaul catches two fleeting glimpses of his landlord, but makes no attempt to meet him. The tenant is content with accidental information, the secondhand knowledge that he lives in the immediate vicinity and under the aegis of a bizarre depressive. The owner, rendered "more mysterious" by random images, takes his place in the writer's imaginative life, an intriguing possibility: "We were—or had started—at opposite ends of wealth, privilege, and in the hearts of different cultures."

By the standard of much current fiction, these events sound like small potatoes indeed, stuff to get out of the way before the corporate takeover or the bedroom marathon. But Naipaul manages to give each isolated incident the inevitability and gravity of history. The impression is not that so little happens in ten years but that a series of small upheavals so shake a tiny, isolated corner of the world. Having found, after some 40 years of struggle, his ideal landscape, Naipaul must watch its deterioration and decline. He can, with reason, be philosophical about this process, acknowledging that his sense of loss is not unique: "Yet I also knew that what had caused me delight, when I first came to the manor, would have caused grief to someone who had been there before me." What he loves represents a dereliction of what existed earlier.

Still, as he realizes that his time in the valley has come to an end, his stoic acceptance of change falters: "Philosophy failed me now. Land is not land alone, something that simply is itself. Land partakes of what we breathe into it, is touched by our moods and memories." The conclusion to be drawn from *The Enigma of Arrival* is both heartbreaking and bracing: the only antidote to destruction—of dreams, of reality—is remembering. As eloquently as anyone now writing, Naipaul remembers.

—By Paul Gray

Excerpt

“A man with a simpler idea of himself... would have seen the great value of his property, might have realized its value, and lived elegantly elsewhere on the proceeds. But my landlord preferred to be with what he knew... He himself could not think of a life away from his house and garden, which perhaps he continued to see in his own way, perhaps even saw as whole and perfect, the way we fail to see the tarnishing that has gradually come to flats or houses where we have lived a long time.”



Self-Indulgences

IDOLS OF PERVERSITY

by Bram Dijkstra

Oxford: 453 pages; \$37.95

As the priestess Salammbo danced to the seductive warbling of a flute, her long white dress slowly fell to the ground, and she stood naked before the sacred python. Taking the serpent in her arms, she "wound it round her waist, under her arms, between her knees . . . Salammbo gasped beneath this weight . . . her back bent, she felt she was dying; and with the tip of its tail it gently flicked her thigh."

Is this scene a) a typically clumsy 19th century attempt at pornography, b) a rather silly self-indulgence by Gustave Flaubert, c) a shocking specimen of male chauvinism, d) all of the above or e) none of the above? Skeptical common sense suggests that the best answer would be b or perhaps d. To Bram Dijkstra, an erudite and passionately indignant professor of comparative literature at the University of California at San Diego, the only answer is e. In case anyone thinks he is making too much of Salammbo's gyrations, Dijkstra wants us to know that a painting of the priestess by Charles Allen Winter was exhibited at the Paris Salon of 1898 and a sculpted version by Jean-Antoine-Marie Idrac won a place of honor at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893. It was, in other words, a scene that appealed all too strongly to the roving Victorian eye.

Dijkstra's thesis is a familiar feminist argument: that the 19th century man wanted women to remain passive, dependent, domestic and obedient, and that any female who ventured to differ was regarded as at best a shrew and at worst a witch or even a vampire. He buttresses this argument with evidence from both high culture and high camp. He decries Henry James' Verena Tarrant (in *The Bostonians*) and Tennyson's Lady of Shalott for their dim-witted self-sacrifice, and he manages to get angry about even such endearing targets as *Dracula* and *Trilby*.

The novelty in Dijkstra's approach is that he has illustrated his tour through fin-de-siècle fantasy not only with such masters as Degas or Klimt but with more than 300 of the new photographic reproductions that were spreading art's pernicious messages through popular magazines. Hypocrisy was the order of the day. Thus Albert von Keller's lubricious portrait of a naked woman crucified bears the pious title *Martyr*, and all those nude beauties frolicking around that white-bearded codger represent Lovis Corinth's *Temptation of Saint Anthony*. Exotic suggestions of bestiality (as with Salammbo)

provided another popular theme. Arthur Wardle's *Bacchante* cavorts with a whole herd of amorous leopards, and Frederick Stuart Church's *Enchantress* strolls through the wilderness with two tigers "whose growling jaws suggested the *vagina dentata* which turn-of-the-century men feared they might find hidden beneath this . . . beauty's decorous gown."

How did misunderstanding and misogyny reach such deplorable heights? Dijkstra offers conflicting scapegoats. One is the rise of industrial capitalism, which made such physical and moral demands that men fled, exhausted, to the image of woman as "priestess of virtuous inanity." The other, which explains the failure of such canonization, is the spread of Darwinism and the quack argument that women remained at a more primitive stage of evolution. As Darwin himself put it, "Man has ultimately become superior to woman."

All of these fears and hostilities culminated in an obsession with the legend of Salome, who used her erotic powers to annihilate man's goodness. Flaubert wrote about her, and so did Mallarmé, Huysmans and Wilde; and Richard Strauss set Wilde's version to music. Klimt painted her, as did Corinth, Max Slevogt and even a now-forgotten dauber of the time named Otto Friedrich. She was indeed a terrible woman, and the fin-de-siècle fascination with her was undoubtedly neurotic and perverse, like so many obsessions of the period. That this really led to the oppression of women, or that we should all be indignant about it, remains less than self-evident. —*By Otto Friedrich*



Bram Dijkstra

writes of his first day in Changsha, a city of more than 1 million. "Instead, dishwater and refuse were thrown casually out of windows, rats the size of squirrels could be seen flattened out all over the roads . . . No one that I could see was smiling, or had red cheeks, as all the Chinese do in *China Reconstructs* magazine."

What Salzman's Chinese acquaintances lacked in cheek coloring they made up in generosity and frankness. A family of poor fishermen he befriended insisted that he accept a gift of their boat the dissuaded them with difficulty). When he brought out his cello to play for the family, they rushed across the room "to touch the divine object—the red velvet lining inside the cello case." An aging athlete, posing for a snapshot, inquired gravely if it is true that in America, where "everything is modernized," there are ways of adding hair to photographs? "If you could do that for me, I'd be very grateful."

Iron and Silk is not so much a treatise on modern Chinese mores as a series of telling vignettes. When a clerical worker at the college committed suicide, her funeral could not be held or her family consoled until, four days later, local Communist Party officials announced that "her problems were personal and not political." Salzman killed a rat in his classroom, and his students merrily escorted him and his quarry to the local Rat Collection Office, where he was entitled to a 5¢ bounty. A young man teaching Salzman calligraphy was surprised when the American confided that his highest ambitions were to be well liked and to master a skill. "But these goals can be achieved so easily!" the calligrapher replied. "All you have to do is be kind and work hard. But to eat and sleep well, that is a difficult wish, because you cannot control these things yourself."

Not all of Salzman's Chinese were so mundane. He describes his encounter with Pan Qingfu, the country's foremost master of *wushu*, the traditional Chinese martial art. Salzman managed to become a private student of the fiercely demanding Pan, whose nickname, "Iron Fist," came from his reputed practice of punching a heavy iron plate up to 10,000 times every day. For more than a year, Pan pushed his acolyte through pain, sweat, blood and fatigue, inching him toward the goal of *gong fu*, or "skill that transcends mere surface beauty." The day before Salzman left for the U.S., he was finally allowed to display his new skills in a dramatic, draining, nightlong workout. At the end of the session, the master acknowledged that the American had indeed acquired *gong fu*. No other term is as apt for a book that describes the land and its people with such deftness and delight.

—*By Donald Morrison*

West Meets East

IRON AND SILK by Mark Salzman
Random House, 211 pages; \$16.95

Mark Salzman was riding an over-crowded bus in Changsha, the capital of Hunan province, when he saw a passenger clambering aboard. The driver asked him to step off. The request was ignored, the door closed, and the bus pulled away with the stubborn rider sticking halfway out. Arriving at his destination, the man cheerfully paid half the usual fare and went on his way.

Salzman knows exactly how he felt. For two years the author stood part way in, part way out of a rapidly moving conveyance called the People's Republic of China. Fresh out of Yale, he took a job in 1982 teaching English at a college in Changsha. He lived, worked and learned among his pupils, mostly young medical students, plus a group of former Russian-language instructors sent down for re-training after shifting political winds had rendered their specialty obsolete. Nearly every day Salzman tried to reignite imaginations extinguished by the Cultural Revolution. Nearly every hour circumstances taught him about the land he had long studied but never visited. "I had heard that China was spotlessly clean," he



Mark Salzman



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MESSIAEN: *Turangalilla-Symphonie*; **LUTOSLAWSKI:** *Les Espaces du Sommeil, Symphonie No. 3*. Esa-Pekka Salonen conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra (Messiaen) and the Los Angeles Philharmonic (Lutoslawski) (CBS).

Composed between 1946 and 1948, the *Turangalilla-Symphonie* is a ten-movement, 80-minute showpiece for large orchestra, elemental in its power, yet seductive in its radiant beauty. The title derives from Sanskrit and roughly connotes "vitality" and "life," and thus gives some indication of both the piece's formidable substance and its stunning effect. Its thundering chord progressions and leaping,

conducting the Berlin Philharmonic (Deutsche Grammophon). **Salzburg Recital.** Soprano Kathleen Battle. Pianist James Levine (DG).

Karajan and Mozart were both born in Salzburg, but that seems to be about all they have in common. Karajan's readings of his countryman's ineffable music have always been heavy and rhythmically sluggish, bereft of joy or bounce. His new recording, a warm-up for his production of the opera in Salzburg this spring and summer, never comes to fiery, diabolical life. It wastes the talents of Ramey and Battle, and features an excruciating performance by Tomowa-Sintow as the hectoring, hu-



birdlike themes, its mixture of brutal dissonance and sunny consonance, make *Turangalilla-Symphonie* one of the French composer's finest creations. It is difficult for both performer and listener, which may be why it is rarely played in concert. It does, however, offer a splendid workout for a CD player. Finnish Conductor Salonen, 28, leads an assured performance that serves notice of his arrival as an important young maestro. Two atmospheric works by Poland's Witold Lutoslawski also reflect his ear for sonorities.

DVORAK: *Symphony No. 9 in E Minor (from the "New World")*. Christopher von Dohnányi conducting the Cleveland Orchestra (London). Out of the media spotlight, Dohnányi has been quietly restoring the full luster of the Cleveland Orchestra since he succeeded Lorin Maazel in 1984. Rich, detailed and burnished, this handsome "New World" *Symphony* shows why the Cleveland under its German-born leader is now the best-sounding orchestra in the country. Pass the word.

Mozart: Don Giovanni. Samuel Ramey, Don Giovanni; Ferruccio Furlanetto, Leporello; Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Donna Anna; Agnes Baltsa, Donna Elvira; Kathleen Battle, Zerlina; Herbert von Karajan

morless Donna Anna. Far more harmonious is Battle's recording from her 1984 recital at Karajan's Salzburg Festival. The material is her familiar mix of early English songs by Purcell and Handel, German lieder, French chansons, and spirituals, but she sings with such crystalline vocalism and beguiling elan that it becomes irresistible. Levine's elegant pianism is a model of the accompanist's art.

PROFESSOR LONGHAIR: Rock 'n' Roll Gumbo. (Dancing Cat) His rightful name was Henry Roeland Byrd, but down in New Orleans everyone called him Fess and they knew without being told that he was more than a local legend. He was one of the all-time great rhythm-and-blues piano thumpers. His left hand roiled over the keys, keeping a wild rhythm that seemed to play out like an entire band. His right hand was like an antenna, pulling in melodies from the Delta blues, from Caribbean calypso, from rock and pop and jazz and anywhere else his ear chanced to roam. Even a jazz wizard like Art Tatum was astounded and flummoxed by Fess's style. This record, first released in 1975, has now been reissued on CD. The disc, with the good professor's piano remixed to stand way out in front of the band, is a perfect introduction to

Longhair's eldritch dexterity. It is also as good a working definition of funk as you will ever find. The professor died in 1980, but there is a whole generation of peerless piano players, like Huey ("Piano") Smith, Allen Toussaint and Mac ("Dr. John") Rebennack, forever in his debt. He was the tap source of New Orleans rock.

THE NEVILLE BROTHERS: Treacherous. (Rhino) These four, New Orleans funk masters to the manner born, are heirs to the proud Byrd tradition. This two-record set covers 30 years of their music, starting with a rough-and-ready *Mardi Gras Mambo* (released in 1955) and ending with a spirited spiritual recessional recorded in the spring of 1985. New Orleans produced many superb musicians and singers, but the Nevilles are the town's premier vocal ensemble. A single cut, *Fire on the Bayou*, is like a dancing flame on an

oil stick. It produces enough heat to warm a mountain cabin for a week.

Something Wild. (MCA) Sound-track albums are usually a flat-out marketing ploy to give movies a spurious Top 40 identity. This one is different, as kicky and eccentric as Jonathan Demme's inverted thriller (starring Jeff Daniels and Melanie Griffith), which it accompanies. Hearing these ten tunes is like checking into a padded cell inside a Wurlitzer. Listen to David Byrne's lyric for his salsa-inflected opening song, *Loco de Amor* ("Like a pizza in the rain . . . No one wants to take you home. But I love you just the same"), there is no doubt that this album is a passport to alien territory. The music—which includes Jerry Harrison's sinister *Man with a Gun*, the roof-raising African rouser *High Life* by Sonny Okosun and a Jamaican-flavored remake of the rock war-horse *Wild Thing* by Sister Carol—is so shrewdly chosen and sequenced that it becomes an experience on its own, inflected by the film's moods but not dependent on them. *Something Wild* is one of the best uses of contemporary music since *Mean Streets*, but, whether as compilation or accompaniment to some movie in your own head, it is a bust-out record. —By Jay Cocks and Michael Walsh

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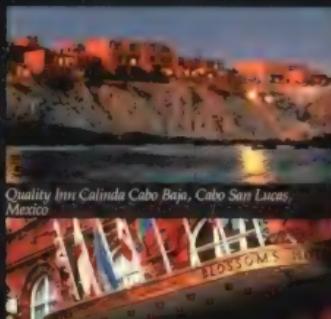
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Essay

Should the U.S. Support the *Contras*?

Round 6, is it? President Reagan wants \$105 million from Congress for next year's aid for the Nicaraguan *contras*. Congressional Democrats are moving now to block \$40 million of this year's aid. We revisit the debate that will not die: Should the U.S. support the Nicaraguan resistance?

Congress is hardly the most finely honed instrument for making decisions of this kind. On the question of *contra* aid, Congress has returned answers, consecutively, of yes, yes, no, a bit, and—last year—yes again. (It was during the two years of “no” and “a bit”—1984 through 1986, when Congress first banned all aid, then only military aid—that Colonel North sought to circumvent Congress by funneling aid from other sources, including the Iran arms sale.) Lyndon Johnson once reminded critics that he was the only President we had. This is the only Congress we have. And by 1986 it did appear as if Congress had crossed a divide. After lengthy debate, both Houses voted military aid to the *contras*.

The Iran-*contra* affair shouldn't change all that, but it probably will. Less than three hours after Attorney General Meese had announced the discovery of the diversion of Iran arms funds to the *contras*, Senator David Durenburger of Minnesota, then chairman of the Senate Intelligence Committee, declared, “It's going to be a cold day in Washington, D.C., before any more money goes to Nicaragua.”

This even before it was known whether or not the *contra* forces had seen any of the diverted money. This even before it was known whether the *contras* were even aware that funds were being illegally diverted for their benefit. What was known for more than a year was that the *contras* were the beneficiaries of some kind of supply operation run with a wink and a nod from the Administration. It was assumed that this was funded by “private” sources and possibly from money from third-party governments. And until Meese revealed that some money had also been skimmed from the Iran arms sales, this assumption aroused very little protest from Congress. Are the *contras* to be punished because they did not suspect an Iranian connection, something that, throughout November, no one in Congress (or in the press, for that matter) suspected?

But the gathering sentiment to reverse aid derives less from a desire to punish the *contras* than from a desire to punish the Administration. Of course, the Administration deserves to be punished. For the negligence of those who were ignorant or willed themselves into ignorance over the Iran arms affair. And for the lawlessness of those who actually carried out an operation designed to contravene congressional will.

But how to punish? Wounding a President by reversing his most cherished foreign policy goal is an understandable political instinct. But if it wounds the country, it is a bad one. Congress had come to the view that *contra* aid was in the national interest. It remains so. Abandoning that interest to get to a President is a high price to pay for sweet revenge.

The case for (and indeed, the case against) the *contras* remains utterly unchanged by the North affair. Now as before, the case for the *contras* rests on two pillars. One strategic and the other ideological—moral, if you will.

For a century and a half the extraordinary security of the American mainland owed much to the fact that the U.S. resisted, under the Monroe Doctrine, any great-power penetration of its

own hemisphere. For the past 40 years that local security has enabled the U.S. to look abroad and take responsibility for a vast alliance. Cuba was the first great breach in the Monroe Doctrine, and it has indeed complicated the U.S. strategic position not only in the Americas, where Cuba has actively engaged in the attempted destabilization of one country after another, but as far away as Africa, where Cuban troops serve as a Soviet foreign legion.

The Soviet bloc is now in the process of consolidating a second base in the Americas, this time on the mainland, in contiguity with Costa Rica and ultimately Panama to the south, and with Honduras, El Salvador and ultimately Mexico to the north. That the Sandinista revolution is without frontiers is not a hypothetical notion. It is historical. In the first years of their rule the Sandinistas poured considerable effort into the Salvadoran insurgency, which hoped to pull off a victory before the inauguration of Ronald Reagan. That attempt failed, but not for lack of trying. The Sandinistas have been more restrained in their support of the Salvadoran guerrillas during the Reagan Administration, not because of a change of heart but as a direct result of the military pressure that the U.S. has brought to bear during that time. Pressure in the form of the *contras*.

What is the strategic case against supporting a resistance that is trying to prevent the consolidation of a second Cuba? Some isolationists might argue that the “loss” of Third World countries does not really matter, and that we can sit behind a palisade of 10,000 nuclear warheads and not care who controls Central America. But the main opposition case is different. It does matter, say the Democrats. And the Sandinistas, they concede in speech after speech, are indeed Marxist-Leninist, expansionist, and pro-Soviet. But they can be contained by American power.

Tom Wicker, an articulate spokesman for the anti-*contra* view, put the case for containment: “Washington could state plainly that it will not tolerate any Soviet military base in Nicaragua, or any overt or covert attempt by Nicaragua to attack its neighbors.” Now, what exactly does “will not tolerate” mean? One cannot just say it. Carter declared the Soviet brigade in Cuba intolerable. Reagan declared the crackdown on Polish Solidarity intolerable. And the intolerable endured, despite the brave words. To be serious about containing Sandinista subversion—overt and covert—will mean vigilance, resources and risk. It will mean everything from pouring aid into El Salvador, Honduras and Costa Rica to establishing a ring of American bases around the border of Nicaragua: even, as Walter Mondale suggested during the 1984 campaign, to setting up a naval blockade to contain the Sandinistas. But why is it preferable so hugely to commit American resources? To station permanently American troops to serve as a trip wire? (That is how containment works in Europe: the principal function of American soldiers in forward positions is to die and thus bring the U.S. into any European war the Soviets might be tempted to start.) And if a blockade ever became necessary, the U.S. would risk confrontation not just with Nicaraguan forces but with Soviet forces as well. Why is that strategically preferable to supporting 15,000 Nicaraguans themselves prepared to fight to reclaim their country?

Because, say the critics, the *contras* cannot do the job. They cannot win. How these experts divine the outcome of civil wars is hard to fathom. The *contras* have more than twice the recruits



Essay

the Sandinistas had when they overthrew Somoza. Which side is today more popular? It is hard to find out in a dictatorship. But it is worth noting that the Sandinistas have a conscript army, while the *contras* are a volunteer force.

The *contras* do have severe problems. They are in the midst of another agonizing reorganization, as the liberal civilian leadership tries, with U.S. support, to gain control over the military (not an uncommon problem, incidentally, for American friends from the Philippines to Guatemala). Critics point to the lack of significant *contra* military gains until now as proof that they cannot win. Perhaps. But it is equally possible that the lack of success has to do with two years of a grossly unbalanced arms race between the *contras* and the Sandinistas. Such imbalances are not rectified overnight, nor do they lend themselves to military spectacles by the disarmed party. Guerrilla war requires arms, training and, above all, time for building an infrastructure in the countryside. The Sandinistas were in the field for 17 years before their victory over Somoza.

Some immediate visible success may be less a military than a political necessity for the *contras*. As Admiral William J. Crowe Jr., chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, said, if the *contras* do not have "some kind of success" soon, they will likely forfeit American support. The *contras*' greatest weakness could be the nature of their great-power patron. It could be that the U.S. does not have the patience to support the incremental struggle that is guerrilla war. And the *contras* certainly cannot win without outside support. Very few guerrilla armies do. Not even the Viet Cong did.

Which makes the "they can't win" refrain somewhat ironic. It comes most often from precisely those people in Congress who are constantly fighting to cut aid to the *contras*, reducing their supplies to the barest minimum, or trying to eliminate assistance altogether. Having disarmed the resistance, they then assert that it cannot win, and then cite the inability to win as a reason for disarming it. A neat circle.

But what of international morality? Even if it is strategically important for the U.S. to prevent a Communist state in Central



America, do not American values prevent us from overthrowing another government? In principle, no. It depends on the case. The 1983 overthrow of the thug government of Grenada, for example, surely qualified as one of the more moral exercises of American foreign policy.

American foreign policy.

The question of *contra* support, however, poses a different problem. It asks whether the U.S. has the right to support a 15,000-man peasant army that wants to overthrow its own government. That army believes that its country has been taken over by Leninists who have shut down the opposition, destroyed a free press, repressed the church and run a secret police "advised" by Cubans and East Germans. As the President of Costa Rica put it, the "Nicaraguan people ... have fought so hard to get rid of one tyrant, one dictator, and seven years later they have nine."



Guerrilla war is always morally problematic, and it is therefore important for the U.S. to ensure that its allies conduct the war as humanely as any guerrilla war can be conducted. But is it wrong to support a resistance seeking to overthrow the rule of the *comandantes*? Americans value freedom in their own country. They would not tolerate the political conditions that Nicaraguans must suffer. There is no hope that Nicaraguans will enjoy anything near the liberty that Americans enjoy (and that the Nicaraguans were promised by the Sandinistas) un-

less their new tyranny is removed. How, then, does it serve American values to cut off aid to those trying to do the removing?

But then these arguments are familiar, too familiar. They have been debated in Congress and elsewhere with seasonal regularity. That is precisely the point, however. It is these familiar arguments that lie at the heart of the decision about whether the U.S. ought to support the *contras*. Not "What did the President know, and when did he know it?" The failings, even the illegalities, of a President alter neither American strategic interests nor the morality (or immorality) of supporting anti-Communist rebels. Let the debate begin, again. And may it be decided on its merits.

By Charles Krauthammer

—By Charles Krauthammer

Milestones

CLEARED. Jerry Hall, 30, Texas-born high-fashion model who is the live-in companion of Rolling Stones Lead Singer Mick Jagger and mother of two of his children; on grounds of insufficient evidence; in Bridgetown, Barbados. Hall was arrested at the Barbados airport on Jan. 21 when she opened a cardboard box marked G. HALL, which contained 22 lbs. of marijuana. She had been vacationing on nearby Mustique with Jagger, who is recording an album on Barbados.

DIED. **Bryce Harlow**, 70, courtly chief White House lobbyist on Capitol Hill during the Eisenhower and Nixon years; of emphysema and diabetes; in Arlington, Va. Harlow put what Eisenhower called "meat and potatoes" into presidential speeches and buffered Nixon against congressional unrest during the Watergate scandal. His low-key skills with Congress earned him bipartisan respect. Said Nixon: "He was the ideal presidential assistant, politically astute and totally selfless."

He was the finest kind of adviser a President can have."

DIED. **George F. Tibbles**, 73, Hollywood radio pianist who together with Guitarist Ramez Idriss, in 1948, turned the lunatic "ha ha ha ha" cackle of a famous Walrus Lantz cartoon character into an Oscar-nominated pop hit, *The Woody Woodpecker Song*; in Rancho Mirage, Calif. Tibbles later wrote TV scripts, including twelve seasons of *My Three Sons*.

DIED. Dmitri Kabalevsky, 82, prolific Soviet composer, best known for his lively suite *The Comedians* and the overture to his opera *Colas Breugnon*; in Moscow. A professor at the Moscow Conservatory, Kabalevsky won high honors from Kremlin leaders for his reverential, musically conservative treatment of patriotic themes in compositions like the grandiloquent cantata *Great Motherland*.

DIED. **J. Truman Bidwell**, 83, chairman of the board of governors of the New York Stock

Exchange from 1961 to 1962, who resigned after his indictment on a \$55,908 tax-evasion charge; after a stroke; in Naples, Fla. Bidwell was cleared in 1963 but was censured by the exchange for violating a rule that forbade giving gifts to business acquaintances without permission. He remained an independent stockbroker until his retirement last year.

DIED. Henry-Russell Hitchcock, 83, architectural historian who during the 1930s, with his friend Architect Philip Johnson, championed the severe, glass-box buildings of such pioneering European designers as Walter Gropius and Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, for which the two Americans coined the term the international style; of cancer; in New York City. Author of 20 scholarly volumes on subjects ranging from Frank Lloyd Wright to German Renaissance and early Victorian designs, Hitchcock was one of the chief U.S. proponents of architectural modernism. Said Johnson: "Of our generation, he was the leader of us all."

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